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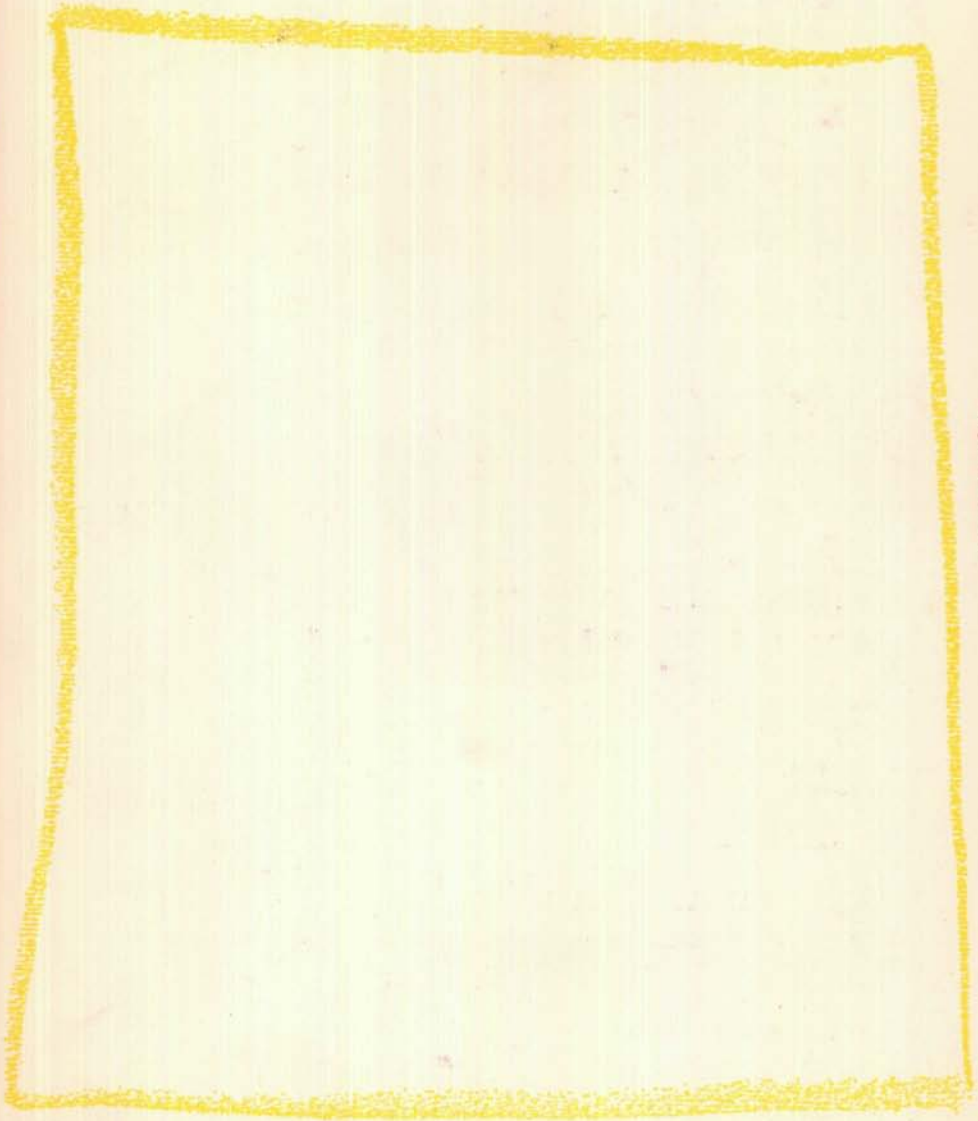

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NOTES

Random House will bring out **ROBERT PENN WARREN's** new novel, **Meet Me in the Green Glen,** this fall. Mr. Warren has been working on a critical book on Dreiser, **Homage to Theodore Dreiser,** off and on for more than ten years; it will be published in August, on the centennial of Dreiser's birth. . . . **STANLEY DIAMOND's Man and Superman** is a shorter version of a long essay to be published in a Pantheon Anti-Text edited by Dell Hymes. Mr. Diamond is Chairman of the Anthropology Department at the New School. His most recent field work has been in Biafra. . . . New Directions will put out **DENISE LEVERTOV's** new book of poems, **To Stay Alive,** this fall. . . . **ROBERT VAS DIAS** will be teaching at Thomas Jefferson College this fall. Bobbs-Merrill is bringing out his new book of poems, **Speech Acts and Happenings,** in winter '72. . . . Wesleyan published **MICHAEL BENEDIKT's** latest book of poems, **Sky,** last fall. The four poems in this **PR** are from a collection in manuscript called **Universe.** . . . **MICHEL FOUCAULT** taught at Buffalo last spring, and will be back in the spring of '72. This year he is at the College de France where he has been elected to a chair. . . . **KONSTANTIN SIMONOV** is a former editor of **Novy Mir,** and a novelist and playwright. Mr. Simonov made his name during the war, in which he fought at Stalingrad. His essay on Tolstoy was published in **Novy Mir** in the winter of '70, in one of the last issues under Tvardovsky's editorship. . . . **ALICIA OSTRIKER** teaches English at Rutgers.

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ARGUMENTS AND ILLUSIONS

The idea that there is no center, which I talked about last time as one of the reasons for the low level of discussion, is also responsible, I think, for the current intellectual mishmash. It's opened new sources of energy and promoted certain kinds of originality, but at the same time all the ground rules have been suspended, creating a free–for–all in which everyone is either an expert or a sage.

Child Self-Education. Ivan Illich argued recently on the opp-ed page of *The Times* that schools are unnecessary because instead of teaching they actually keep students from learning. Children, he claimed, learn better on their own. Now Illich is a distinguished and a committed man, and usually more interesting than those with more correct views. But I think this particular idea, which in the frantic search for educational solutions is becoming fashionable, is at best a polemical metaphor. Taken literally, it goes against common sense, and is the kind of thinking which, as George Orwell once said, would not occur to the uneducated person: only someone who had been to college could come up with it. In fact, exactly the reverse is true: most formal knowledge — assuming its worth — can be acquired by the majority of students only in an institutional setup. Hence such seemingly radical notions about spontaneous learning, which really apply only to elites, distract us from the actual problems of mass education. Schools are in many ways obsolescent and regressive, and are used to reinforce democratic myths, but Illich doesn't confront the implications of abandoning universal education. What we do know is that universal illiteracy was the result of the honest learning obtained from those two standbys of self–education, Life and Experience. Can you imagine educational teams conducting dialogues in the streets in search of knowledge, like Socrates and his disciples?

Reviewing from the Hip. A review of Mary McCarthy's new novel, *Birds of America,* by Helen Vendler in *The Times Book Review,* was unaccountably patronizing and hostile, as though Miss McCarthy had to be put in her place. Miss Vendler's main point, that Miss McCarthy is really an essayist not a novelist, is that of a strict constructionist of what is, after all, a free-wheeling medium, one which, we all know, is constantly stretched to accommodate new ideas of experience.

Miss Vendler is a witty and learned writer and I don't mean to load on her all the sins of reviewing. It's just that I got to thinking about the low state of the profession. Of course, there are still good reviewers around, but the separation of reviewing from criticism has led to the cult of self-expression in the little magazines and to more than the normal quota of posturing, backscratching or back-biting in the bigger ones. So-called literary opinion-making is so much a matter of accident, depending on who happened to review a given book, and is generally not burdened by questions of competence or bias. No wonder so many younger writers, particularly outside of New York, have little respect for what they think of as the manipulations of the cultural media and the mindlessness of the publicity machines that rely mostly

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on conventional reputations for literary judgments — all of which gives credence to their paranoia about the "establishment."

Predicting the Unpredictable. According to the advance publicity, Jean-Francois Revel's *Without Marx or Jesus: The New American Revolution Has Begun,* coming out here next fall, seems to be arguing that America is the most revolutionary nation in the world. I would assume this characterization cannot be understood in its conventional meaning, especially now with conservatism riding so high. But America could be said to be revolutionary in that it is the most formless, the least tradition–bound, the most open-ended society. Unlike the frozen structures of Europe, this country's peculiar combination of myth and reality, in which the possibility of some mobility feeds the myth of endless possibilities, creates the sense both of stability and instability and gives one the feeling that anything could happen here despite the fact that nothing does. This is why since de Tocqueville noted the unique character of the new society so few Europeans have been able to understand this country — though some people think the Italian Westerns have caught its spirit.

One of the things making for equilibrium as well as instability is that economic and political interests tend to blur their own identity, thus pushing opinion constantly toward the middle. Right now, for instance, the news of government duplicities and the efforts to conceal them have produced a situation of some gravity, perhaps even what is called portentously a "constitutional crisis." At the moment the paranoia of the left would seem to be justified — as Delmore Schwartz used to say, the fact he was paranoid did not mean he was not being persecuted. Still it looks as though the administration will try to salvage its prestige by manipulating the issues and creating at least the illusion of compromise. Of course, only those whose faith is stronger than their fears can be sure things won't get out of hand. But one can assume only that history will go on repeating itself in a country that confuses its past with its present.

Ironically, one of the chief fatalities of our "open society" has been the left. Clearly those who are still jumping on it are doing it out of habit. Yes, there is still a vague mood of dissidence, groping, frustration, particularly among the young. But as a movement, what was loosely called the new left is splintered and shell-shocked.

And one is forced to wonder how it is possible in this period to build a serious radical movement, when things change so fast, speeding up not only the birth of new attitudes but their conversion into old ones. Ideas are dissolved into styles, and everything is gobbled up by publicity and coopted — not as Marcuse thought into the system, but into entertainment. Unfortunately, the right is not as interesting or entertaining as the left.

When I heard that Germaine Greer was guest host for Dick Cavett, all I could think of was that she was a natural for TV — so attractive, so smart, so quick-witted, so snooty, on top of being dedicated to the liberation of both sexes. Tomorrow there will be someone else. But can you imagine Rosa Luxembourg on Johnny Carson's show?

W.P.

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Robert Penn Warren

From MEET ME IN THE GREEN GLEN

It was dark now. The big electric bulb that hung from the middle of the ceiling — there had to be a big bulb, the kitchen the size it was — blazed. You could see the freckles of flyspeck on the glass of the bulb, and the streaks where the grease-laden air had made deposits to settle and run down. Sometimes in the kitchen at night, she might suddenly stop whatever she was doing and stare at the blazing bulb. Sometimes it came closer and closer, so close she could see the flyspecks big and clear, but no matter how close it got, it never got to her and only kept coming. But sometimes it seemed to be going away from her, spinning away forever but never getting out of sight, never even getting smaller.

Tonight, she was staring at it, standing motionless with an empty saucepan — the one she meant to boil the potatoes in — hanging from her hand as though the wrist were too weak to support even that small burden. This was one of the times when the blazing bulb seemed to be going away from her, and though the going-away was awful, something else was growing in her head too, the notion that if you got to know that the way things happen to you, no matter how awful, couldn't happen any differently and that the way they happened was, really, just part of the way you were you, then you could keep forever this new feeling of strange joy.

She stood there, the saucepan dangling, bathed in that bleak whiteness of light that kept pouring from the bulb, even though the bulb was spinning away forever, and knew what joy meant. It meant that things would never again tease her and scare her by coming closer and closer and yet not coming. From now on everything, like

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that bulb there, like the walls of the kitchen, like the trees outside in the dark, and the hills, would keep on spinning away.

The going-awayness would never change — now, at last, she knew that, and suddenly, she felt the joy so strong she was dizzy and her eyes blurred.

Then she heard the noise. The door, the door to the back porch, swung slowly inward, open. There he was.

In her sight, he seemed to sway and swim there, as though the darkness from which he had come were a medium like water sustaining him. It was as though the pressure of all that darkness flooding down from the hills and woods had just pushed the door open, and in one second more, would come pouring in, filling up the room, washing him at her. She was sure that she saw the darkness swirling about his knees, ready to lift him off his feet, and flood in, bearing him to her, with his eyes fixed on her.

But that was not what happened. While he stood there, and the eyes kept looking at her out of his face, his hand went behind him and, though his body never moved, shoved the door shut. It made a little slam. The latch had caught. The dark would not come in.

But something else happened. She looked, one split second, at the electric bulb, and it was not going away now, it was coming back and she could see the flyspecks on it clear as could be.

She had been wrong. The going-awayness was over. The coming–closerness had begun again.

Then she was looking back at him, and his face was coming closer.

The eyes in his face were looking at her, and the mouth said: "'Allo."

She felt her own mouth trying to move, but it wouldn't. His face was coming at her. She could see how the bristles that hadn't been shaved off today stuck out stiff and black around the pinkness of his mouth. His legs were moving, but it seemed that he was coming faster than the legs, faster than the walls were coming, or the stove, or the electric bulb, or anything. He was right at her when she closed her eyes.

She stood there in the darkness her eyelids made. Then she

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knew that the sound of him — no, it was the feel of him — had gone on by. She opened her eyes.

He was past her, over by the old zinc sink, by the window, running a glass of water, like he was nothing in the world but a man who had come in late and was thirsty.

Everything now had stopped coming at her, and had gone back where it belonged. Everything was like a dog you had told to go lie down.

He was looking at her face so hard it was as though the flesh would begin to hurt if he didn't stop.

"Did you go to Parkerton?" she said, and heard her voice way off asking that fool question.

"Yeah," he said, "Parkerton."

His gaze shifted from her face. She followed his eyes as they turned to look at the table she had set. There it was, as always, the red-check oilcloth on the table, the knife and fork and spoon, the coffee cup, the same pink-and-white plate, the last of the set of what they called Haviland china left from the old days, from her Aunt Josephine's time, from the set that had come as a wedding present and her aunt had been so proud of. It was the plate she had got in the habit of setting out for him to eat on.

He was staring at the plate, then strangely at her. "I go wash me," he said finally, and went out the door that led into the hall.

As she stood by the stove she did not feel anything. If she did not feel anything, then nothing would have happened, ever. And if nothing had ever happened, then she would not have to feel anything.

He was a long time coming back. She was glad of that, for now everything was ready, the mashed potatoes, the two porkchops, canned peas. In his chair, he looked down at the food, making not the slightest preparatory move to touch it, then up at her as she stood above him to pour the coffee. He looked down at the coffee, while the vapor rose thinly into the blank whiteness of the light of the bulb that hung almost directly above him. She had gone back to stand near the range, watching him.

All at once, having touched nothing, he shoved back the chair, with a scraping noise on the boards, and rose. Ignoring her, he

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went to the old electric icebox in the corner beyond the sink, got a tray of ice, put three cubes into the glass, poured it two-thirds full of water, and carried it back to the table. He set it carefully beside his plate, sat down, and, never having looked at her, having, in fact, mysteriously denied her presence, her very existence, by every motion made, drew a bottle of whiskey from his right hip pocket. He poured the glass nearly full.

Then he looked at her. He thrust the glass toward her, staring at her with bloodshot eyes.

She shook her head.

"You no wan', eh!" he said, and gave a sharp, bitten-off laugh. He took a long drink, then began to eat, not with appetite but in a slow fastidiousness, looking critically at each mouthful after he had lifted the fork, then chewing the food with a mincing motion of the jaws, the lids of his eyes lowered to shroud them from her sight. Each time, after he had swallowed, he took a delicate sip from the glass. The coffee went unnoticed.

He was more than half through the food on the plate, when he lifted his head. She stood frozen in the sudden unveiling of his gaze.

"You stand away there, why you stand there?" he demanded.

She tried to think why she was there. Every night after she had dished up the food, she had stood here by the range to watch him eat it. She had seen the light on his wet slicked-down hair like black enamel. But that was not an answer, she knew it wasn't, and she felt as she used to feel in school when she was a little girl in that schoolhouse up the road that wasn't there anymore, and the teacher asked her the question and the answer wouldn't come out of her mouth.

He was staring at her. "You no eat?" he said.

She shook her head.

"Why you no eat?" he said.

"I can't," she said.

"Why you can't?"

It was like school, and the answer wouldn't come. Always after he had finished eating and had left the kitchen and she was alone, she would warm up something to take to Sunder. After she had fed him, she would sit there by his bed and eat something.

But was that the answer?

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"Why you no sit?" he was saying, with the bloodshot eyes on her.

She didn't answer.

"That chair, see?" he said, pointing to one by the wall beyond the sink. "You bring here now, eh?"

She brought the chair and placed it opposite him.

"*Bene,* sit."

She sat down, under the white glare of light.

He began to eat again, not noticing her. He finished, gazed directly across at her. Under that light her face was chalky white, but, as he stared at her, the flush began, first just a touch on each side, under the high cheekbones, the spot hectic and sudden like fever. As the check mantled, as she seemed about to lower her head, her eyes, from the dusky shadow of the sockets, suddenly met his with a look both bright and distant, like pleading.

Her eyes were there only an instant. Then her head dropped to press the chin on the breastbone. It was enough, however, to make the anger flash up in him.

"And now you sit but no talk. Why you no talk?"

He leaned at her.

"You talk."

She did not stir, and suddenly, his right hand leaped across the table and seized the wrist of the arm that lay opposite, humble, weak, and indifferent. His grip closed tight, lifting the arm from the table, holding it a foot or so above the surface, in the empty air.

"Talk! You talk!" he commanded.

But nothing happened, and he flung the wrist from him, in despair and outrage.

He rose from the table, seized the bottle, and stood there.

"Who you?" he cried out. "*Porca Madonna!* Who you are?"

By the time she had raised her head to look at him, to try to find something to say to that question that was filling her head, he was gone. Rather, his back was going through the door into the hall. Then the door closed.

He stood in the dark of the hall, breathing hard. If she had just said something. Then you would have known she was real.

Slowly, not bothering to turn on the light, he groped his way down the hall, turned the corner into the ell, and found his door.

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In the dark, he lay down on the bed, all his clothes on, even the shoes. He took a drink from the bottle, set it on the floor by the bed, lit a cigarette, and lay on his back, staring up into the dark.

When he took a drag of the cigarette, he held it between thumb and forefinger, cupped so that the brightness of the tip was concealed from his eyes, except for the faint bleeding away of pink glow upward into the darkness above the edge of his palm and little finger. When he took a drag, he kept his eyes on the upper darkness, aware of the glow but not looking at it.

After a while he took another drink and lit another cigarette and kept on staring at the darkness where the ceiling was.

It was raining again.

When he first jerked awake, he did not know where he was. But his thumb and forefinger hurt, and he knew. He had gone to sleep, and the cigarette had burned down to the fingers. The butt was there on the blanket, smoldering. He crushed it out, and spat on the spot on the blanket, and rubbed in the wetness. Then he put his hurt fingers to his mouth, and with the other hand fumbled on the floor for the bottle.

He found it. When he shook it in the dark there was a slosh, but not a big one. He drank what there was.

He lay there and thought: *Santa Madonna, sono tornato. Back.*

He was lying there in the dark, the empty bottle loosely between his fingers, on his chest, as though forgotten. He was remembering all that had happened — or rather, he was seeing things happen in the dark above his wide-open eyes — when he heard the sound.

It was the sound that came from that room down the hall. It was like the sound he remembered from his uncle's farm in Ohio, when you butchered a sheep. You hoisted the sheep up by the hind legs and slit the throat and suddenly the last bleat with the blood in it was like the sound from that room. But when the sound came from the sheep, it did not keep on, the way the sound from that room did sometimes. With the sheep dead the sound stopped.

The sound was loud now in the dark, louder than he had ever heard it come to this room. He made a move to rise, but the sound stopped, so he dropped back down. Then he decided he'd get up anyway, to go outside to relieve himself, rain or not. He tiptoed

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down the hall, to the back porch, to stand on the edge under the eaves.

He had got back to the door of his room, when he realized that just a minute back, when he came out, the door had been open. That was why the sound had come so loud. Now he stood there in the dark and tried to remember whether he had shut the door upon entering the room after supper. Every other night, always when he went in, he had shut it. He stood there thinking about shutting the door.

Why was he worried about having left the door open?

There was nothing here, nothing but the woman and the noise in that room, and the rain falling outside, and upstairs the weight of darkness. He stood there, his hand on the doorjamb and looked upward toward the darkness of the ceiling, thinking of the rooms up there that he had never seen, of those spaces filled with darkness.

He could have gone up, any day or night, and nobody would have ever known or cared. There were the wide stairs in the front hall. He had wandered into the hall, just as he had wandered idly into the room where the piano was. But he had never even thought of going up those stairs. He hadn't had the curiosity even to open the two other doors in the ell on this floor, assuming that nothing, not here or upstairs, would be different from the room he was in.

But that was yesterday. It was not tonight, with him standing here now and saying in his head: *Ecco mi, Angelo. Back.*

The need was growing in him to touch every door, to go into every room, to stand in every room and breathe the dark there, to know —. To know what?

He had come back. He did not say it, nor even think it, but he suddenly felt like a man on whom the door has been locked. If the door is open the man does not investigate the room he is in. The room has no walls to be investigated. The room is not, in fact, real. It is only part of the world. But once the key has turned, it is not part of the world. There are the walls. The room is real. You must run your hands over the walls.

He groped into his room, found the old syrup bottle he had stuck a candle in to go out back at night by, lit it, lit a cigarette, which he let hang from the left corner of his mouth, came back into

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the hall, and shut the door carefully behind him, as was his custom, and tried the door opposite his own.

He had been right in his assumption. It was like his own room, only more ruinous. The other door in the hall was to a bathroom, a big zinc tub set in a varnished wooden boxing, a marble surface on top about the tub. There was a zinc basin, set in a marble slab, with heavy brass fixtures, like those of the tub. There was the toilet in the corner near the window, with a pipe going up to the old-fashioned flush box, up near the ceiling.

Christ-a Jesus, he thought, *and Angelo evva morning — he go out to stink-house.*

But when he tried a faucet in the basin, no water came. He leaned and held the candle over the bowl of the toilet. It was dry and dusty.

He came back into the hall and went toward the corner where the ell joined the main hall. He paused for a moment at the door of the room where the sound would come from, standing very still while the candle flame grew steady on the wick and the shadows froze to the walls as flat as black paper pasted on.

Then he turned right and moved the three paces that led to the door cutting off the front hall. He was still wearing his own clothes, the town clothes, and he set the toes of the patent-leather shoes down without sound. He looked down at the shoes and saw that they had no sheen in the candle light. They were getting dry and cracked. Despair flooded his bosom.

But he laid hand to the hall door, entered, and ascended the stairs. The carpeting on the stairs was frayed through to the wood. Halfway up the stairs, he looked back. His own shadow, cast by the candle held breast-high before him, made the darkness darker behind him. There his shadow filled the air, enormous, hovering over him. When he had turned again up the stairs, he felt the weight on his shoulders.

He wandered the rooms. Out of the darkness, the furniture swayed slowly at him, swaying into the light of the candle like clumps of waterweed in the backwash of a sluggish current. In one room, a mattress, still on the bed, had been cut open by rats or squirrels, and the gray, clotted viscera spilled out over the floor. Standing there, he was aware, through the thin soles of the patent–

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leather shoes, of the gritty feel of dry rodent droppings under his feet. A moldy odor, streakily mixed of dust and damp, filled his nostrils. Here the sound of the rain was louder.

The last room he entered was toward the front, over the parlor, he calculated. It was much larger than the others, with a fireplace and, as he noticed, a marble mantle, this on the inner wall to the left, and a big tester bed jutting out toward him from the wall he faced. He moved toward the bed, veered to his left, the side the fireplace was on, and stood beside the bed. He looked up at the canopy. Some of the fabric had given way, slowly giving down of its own weight, hanging in motionless, raveling strips. He held the candle closer to a strip, studying it. It had once been rose-color, as even in candlelight, he could tell from a few streaks not yet faded to a pinky-gray. He lifted his hand to touch the fabric, but in the air the hanging cobwebs which he had not seen caught his hand in their dry, sticky tangle, with a contact more loathsome for its feebleness. He withdrew his hand, not having touched the hanging strip, and wiped it against his trouser leg.

He looked down. There were two thick mattresses of gray-striped ticking. He saw the bolster of ticking, and the two pillows, in their places. He had never seen a bed like this. He wondered what it would be like to sleep in such a bed.

He thought how people had really lain in that bed, on that mattress, sleeping while the rain came down outside as it was doing this very minute, or had waked to turn and clasp each other in the dark.

That thought filled his head. It was the kind of thought he had never had before. It was, literally, filling his head with a pressure that hurt.

Here me, he thought.

All at once he jerked his hand back, and still looking at the bed, the very spot on the mattress where his hand had been in contact, withdrew a couple of slow backward steps. Then he lifted his right hand, the hand that had been in contact with the mattress, and studied it by the light of the candle.

He moved from the bed, and moving, caught the glint of the candle flame in a mirror, the tall mirror of the armoire across the room — the candle flame and then, in the same instant, the shadowy

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image of a man with the flame glimmering pale on his face. His blood froze, for in that instant he did not know there was a mirror, did not know that the shocked, forward-thrust, wide-eyed face, glimmering so pale in light, with the cigarette hanging from the corner of the mouth, was his own.

Then he knew, and stared into it, studying the image.

Me, he thought, in a wondering that grew more powerful and benumbing with the confrontation, detail by detail, of the knowledge that this image was, really, himself.

The light on the face in the mirror flickered. The candle in the mirror was, he suddenly saw, guttering. He was staring at the face in the mirror when the flame flared up and then, all at once, had died. In the mirror there was only the tiny illumination of the cigarette that hung from the left corner of the mouth. It showed faintly the little area of the cheek and the left corner of the lips, where it was burning down to the very flesh. That was all you could see in the mirror.

With his tongue tip he pushed the butt free to fall, then delicately set the toe of a patent-leather shoe on the glowing spot.

He stood before the mirror, which he could not see now, and breathed, slowly and harshly, the dark air.

Whatever broke it, what was broken was the dream, with a sense, on waking, that something had been literally broken, like a plate dropped, or like a windowpane shattered because an old rotten window-cord snapped when you touched the sash, and the sash fell. In that instant of waking, even before any consciousness of what the dream had been, she was flooded by that sense of the broken, the irremediable: not the numbness now, but the wild sadness that life had once, long ago, for a moment, been.

Then, in that awareness she knew what the dream had been. It had been a dream of Cy Grinder, not the thickening man in the torn red mackinaw standing on top of the bridge over the roaring creek, waving a bow against a darkening sky and calling to her some insult she could not make out, but of Cy Grinder young, towering above her as she lay, smiling down at her with the smile that had always made her want to cry with joy, now towering above her while his nakedness, which she had never seen and had dreamed only now, glimmered white against the darkness of the world.

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He had been about to reach out to her, to say her name, but then the dream broke, and there was the wild sadness, followed by the flash of rage that she had had to have the dream at all. For she hadn't dreamed of Cy Grinder all these years. Oh, why did everything have to begin again!

Then, in that moment of waking in the dark, she thought, with a grim satisfaction, that the noise that woke her had been Sunder. But she could hear his breathing, and though it was ragged, it was not the kind of ragged it was after he had made his noise. So she lay listening.

Then she heard the noise again, knowing suddenly that it was the same kind of noise that had waked her. Somebody had bumped something, somebody upstairs, toward the front of the house. Even before that thought was framed, however, the cold prickles ran down from the back of her neck down the spine.

For she knew who it was. Her mind saw what it was: *him.*

Him, for he didn't have a name, at least not in her mind. Even if he had told her his name, as she knew he had, she never called him by it; she rejected the name. He was no name, he was the shape with no name: *him.*

She lay under the weight of the blankets, staring up where the ceiling was, listening for something to move far off up there in the dark hollowness of the house.

After he had fumbled his way down the dark stairs, he stopped in the hall outside the door to that room, and listened.

There was no sound. He shrugged his shoulders. What was behind the door? Just that woman. And whatever — whoever — made that noise like a sheep being slaughtered.

All at once, in the darkness of his head, as in the darkness of a closed room, he saw the woman, this very instant, standing behind the door just the other side, listening. He knew she was there.

He moved down the hall to his own door, and then, with his hand yet on the knob, was, on the instant, totally convinced that when he had entered the room tonight after supper, he had closed the door. Somebody had opened the door while he slept. He could see it happening.

The face, faintly white in the dark hall, had leaned close to the panel of his shut door, listening for his breath. The white hand

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had been laid to the knob, it had begun to turn the knob without any sound.

He shivered.

For he was seeing, suddenly, the place laid for him tonight on the table, the pink-and-white plate, the knife and fork and spoon, the cup, all there on the red-check oilcloth that was beginning to show gray where it was cracked, the table and everything there under the blankness of light.

So she had known he would come back.

And as the knowledge of her knowledge filled his head, he felt totally without defense.

When, at first light, his throat dry and head throbbing, he woke up, the thought was already in his head, as though it had been waiting for him to wake up. She must have known everything. If not, why, when she knew that the car was gone, hadn't she telephoned the police? There was a telephone. How could she know he wasn't running away with her car?

Suppose she had called the police.

He lay there sweating, thinking how near he had actually come to running away. He had got a hundred miles, up into Kentucky, running blind. Running blind, not from anything, not to anything, just blind, to be away. He had got up there in Kentucky before he remembered what day it was. It was the day to go to Parkerton.

So he had turned around and gone to Parkerton.

Suppose he had forgot Parkerton, and everything, running blind. He started sweating again.

"Well, Puss-Face," the man had said, cocking back in the swivel chair and removing the cigar from his mouth, "so you made it?"

"Yes, sir," he had said.

"Well, five minutes more and I'd a been long gone, Puss-Face. You expect me to wait round all night for you, Puss-Face?"

"No, sir," he had said, and later, down in the street, he had felt faint. He had leaned for a full minute against a building. He hadn't eaten all day, but he knew that was not the reason. It was the idea of coming here, and finding the door locked.

But on the way back from Parkerton to the Valley, he had to keep fighting the impulse to turn off the road, to run blind, any-

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where, let anything happen, no matter what. Then he kept thinking a drink would help. He hadn't had a drink in three years. He had got so he never missed it. But now the need was growing in him. The spit grew at the base of his tongue. There was a package store on the highway.

Back in the car he unscrewed the tin cap of the bottle and was about to put it to his mouth, when he decided he'd better get off the highway before he had the drink. So he waited until he had reached the Corners, and had turned off the highway up the valley. Then he took two deep drags, with no chaser, burning, raw.

He drove on up the valley, the feeble lights of the car muffled in the ground mist. It was going to rain, and he kept thinking how it had been raining the first time he came up this road, walking beside the roar of the creek. The creek was roaring now, and he was coming back.

He drove slower and slower, so slow the old car began to jerk and heave in high gear. He was approaching the spot where that *Sandy Claws cornuto, quello dannato,* had come flying in the air, and the arrow had whanged.

There was the house looming ahead, on the left. No light showed there. For an instant, he wondered what had happened, then realized that there was never any light in the front. Slowly, the tires slipping and sliding in the muddy ruts, the car moved on. He felt like a man who lets the reins go slack, lets the horse follow its head, in the dark.

The car had gone on past the house. It went up the valley. Until he saw the light of the shack he refused the knowledge of where he was. Now he pulled on past the shack, found a place to turn, turned, and came back past it, his lights off. Then he stopped. He fixed his eyes on the light in the shack yonder. Between him and the light he saw the faint glint of reflection on the slick, wet ground of the yard. He felt for the bottle on the seat, found it, and with his eyes still on the light, drank.

He sat there a long time, watching the light. Now and then he took a drink. He thought of himself, alone in his car, watching the light over there, through the rain, in the place where the girl was.

At last he started the car and drove on back to the big house.

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Through the window of the kitchen he saw the woman standing by the range, with a saucepan hanging off her limp hand.

He watched her from the deeper dark of the cedar under which he stood for protection from the last rain, and suddenly he knew he was trying to know what was going on in her head.

Christ-a Jesus, he thought, peering in at her from the darkness of the cedar, *Christ-a Jesus.*

If that morning, she had only said something. If she had moved. If she had fought him. If she had scratched him. If she had cried out. If — if anything —

Then, standing there under the cedar, peering in at the woman by the range, who was wrapped in that old baggy brown sweater, he saw the image of the body glimmering on the floor, motionless, as it had been that morning, when, after it was over, he had risen and was looking down at her, where she had been dropped to lie in limp and awkward beauty. Her eyes had been closed. She had never even opened her eyes.

It was like she was not real.

No — and at the instant of that realization his breath froze in his throat — it was like you, you yourself, were not real.

Then, through the window, he saw the table, under the electric bulb, the plate laid on it.

He stood there and waited, but he knew that he would, in the end, go in.

And she had known it all the time.

He lay there in bed while the dawn light hardened into day, and again, in his head, saw everything that had happened. It was all happening again — right up to this very minute, this very second. And he thought: *If I stay in this bed right now, nothing can never 'appen no more.*

He lay on his back and pulled the sheet up to his upper lip, just under his nose, drew it tight, and closed his eyes. This way, nothing could happen.

But, in the end, he got up.

He put on the old cut-down red bathrobe and went out into the hall, stopped before opening the back door, lit a cigarette, and knew that that door behind him had come open, and the eye at the crack was watching him. He went on out, to the privy.

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On his way back to the house, he stopped, lit another cigarette, and stood there. The morning was clear and bright. The puddles from the rain of the night before, standing among the brown, sparse stems of grass, now glittered with skim ice. He stood there in the brightness of the world, with the smoke oozing slow from his nostrils, to pale to nothing in the sunlight. He stared at the window of his room. This side of the house was in shade, and the window was, in the gray paintlessness of the wall, a rectangle of darkly glimmering opacity.

He had to stand out here in the cold, not even dressed, waiting — waiting for what? — because that *cretina,* she might be in there, in his room. With anger there grew, too, a bitter stubbornness. He would go to the kitchen, he'd make the fire, he'd sit there and wait, he'd eat something, anything, to hell with coffee even, and wait till she came. He'd outwait her. That would show her.

He would not even go to look in the window to see if she was there.

But he did.

And there she was as before, crouching on the floor, wearing that faded flannel nightgown, mended now, he could see that much, her head leaning against the side of the bed, the eyes closed.

Idiota, he thought. He'd show her. He'd go to the kitchen and wait.

That was what he would have done. If she had not risen on her knees and, with eyes still closed, groped for the pillow where his head had lain.

The hands found the pillow, and drew it toward her. Then, still on her knees, the eyes closed, she buried her face in it, in the very spot where his head had lain.

With his vision of this act, another kind of anger rose in him, more murderous but mixed with desolation, powerlessness, and yearning.

Then he was racing toward the back door, then down the hall. He did not hear what noise his feet made on the boards.

All happened as it had happened before.

With one difference:

Afterwards, the clothes he seized were not his own, the town clothes, but what she had cut down for him to wear here.

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He went to the kitchen, dressed, made the fire, and went out and busied himself splitting stove lengths until he calculated that breakfast would be ready and his place laid.

If, earlier, work had been a flight, a refuge, now it became a fury. That was what all the days were — a blind occupation. He had long since replaced the broken pane of the window in his room. Now he set about doing windows wherever needed, and many were needed. He prowled the attic on rainy days to spot leaks, and on his next trip to Parkerton bought five bales of shingles and patched the roof. He bought paint and began painting the outside of the house — the part, at least, under the protection of the high porch. When he got beyond that, he found too much clapboarding in need of replacement, and all the wood too soggy with damp to take paint. He would have to wait for warm weather to dry things out. But nevertheless he gave a second coat to the wall under the protection of the porch, put a few boards in the porch floor, and laid on blue deck paint. Then he began, bit by bit, to replace the worst pieces of clapboarding.

But he interrupted that to work on the bathroom. One morning, high on the ladder, ready to set a length of clapboard, he remembered the bathroom he had found the night he came back and wandered in the dark house. Immediately, on impulse, he came down the ladder, got the car, and drove to the Corners, where the store was, and bought a flashlight. He came back, found a board-covered opening in the rough stone foundation, and crawled under.

It took all day to trace the pipes that led to that bathroom. For one thing he began by wasting time on those that led upstairs; for another, there was painfully little space for crawling. In some places the heavy timbers came down so low he had to inch along, belly down, thrusting himself forward with elbows and toes, driving his head forward through the veils of ancient cobweb that hung down into the jerky beam of the flashlight.

Now and then, he would roll over and stretch out to relieve the cramp of his muscles. Once, lying on his back with the light out, breathing the dry, cool dustiness of that secret earth, not drowsing, wide awake in that darkness, he felt a lassitude creep over him, rising from the earth beneath him, like water rising, and then, as the deliberate flood seemed to close over him in the dark, he knew that

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it was peace, a nothingness that was, strangely, a kind of sweetness. It would be sweet to lie here forever.

Flickeringly, he remembered what life had been long ago, the burning of whiskey in the throat, the smell of a girl, the roar of the exhaust as a car plunged at night into the tunnel of its own flung beams, the excitement of a fight, the sight of his own face in the mirror as the comb moved glossily through the blackness of his hair, the sway of colored lights in a dance hall while the music kept on and on. Like those flickering lights in the dance hall — that was what his whole life, what everything, had been.

Was that what it had been? A bright whirling and swaying, a hunting for something, a running after something, a going and coming and not knowing why? And now was everything this easy, after all? To lie in the dark, and not want anything?

He must have dozed off. For suddenly, he jerked into wakefulness, in the dark, not knowing where he was, then knowing, and knowing that the flashlight was gone, and knowing that the mass and weight of the house was over him, was coming slowly down on him.

He was groping wildly for the flashlight. He found it, and the beam struck forth to show, in their actuality and not in his nightmare vision, the timbers, the earth itself which, because the flashlight lay so close to the surface, was marked by unpredictable pools of shadow reaching from him, and the gray draperies of cobweb receding, timber after timber, into darkness.

He knew it had all been crazy, that panic.

I fix pipe, he said to himself. *Me, I fix 'im.*

If he just kept his mind on that, everything would be all right.

He found where the line from the kitchen had been disconnected and capped. Then he found the old leak. You could spot it by the delicate concentric circles where, long back, water had dripped on the undisturbed earth.

The work on the line meant two trips to Parkerton, to get pipe and rent tools to cut and thread it, and then carry the tools back. The work meant cutting off the water for the house. He had traced the supply line, a gravity feed from a big spring with a stone storage basin, up in the woods on the rise beyond the house. There was a valve there, beat up and corroded, but still workable. When he

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told the woman to stock up on water, he was going to cut it off to do some work, he made no further explanation.

He never explained more than he had to. If he did not explain, he protected something. He protected the fact that he was himself.

The first morning after he had fixed the line, he woke up with the immediate thought that he could go to the bathroom, he would not have to go down the hall, would not have to stand to light a cigarette at the porch door, would not have to know that that other door was opening a crack, would not have to suffer the eye at the crack spying on him. Then, back from the bathroom, standing in the hall, he wondered if, when he opened the door, she would be there.

His hand on the doorknob, he thought back on his confusion of feeling the first time he had not found her in his room when he opened the door. He hadn't known what he felt. He had dressed and gone to the kitchen, and there she was, silent, the eyes on him, the place laid for him. For five days it had been like that, and he had adapted himself to it, had found some relief, a sense of hope that life would offer something new, unexpected, and even joyful, though what he could not know.

Then one morning, the fifth morning, she had been there again, and he knew it had been her period. So everything was as it had been, and he did not know what he felt about that, either.

Now, with his hand on the knob, he remembered the first morning when she had not come, and opened the door.

But there she was. On the bed, on her back, the sheet to her chin, her eyes closed, lying like dead, waiting for the violation, waiting to be used, dropped, flung aside, all in silence except for the labor of breath, her own breath tight and hissing with the effort of control.

The bed — for long back now, that had begun. One morning he had opened the door, had seen the form crouching beside the bed, and had felt the burst of anger, had heard his own voice saying: "You crazy? — you make all time on floor? In bed if you wan' Angelo do you big-a — "

He used the dirty word, saw her eyes snap open, staring up at him, dark eyes sudden in the white face, and, in that instant wide,

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wild, and glittering as though surprised at seeing him and his obvious intention.

"Up!" he commanded; and with that glance still on him, she rose, and touched a hand to the bed.

"Bed," he said, "you get on bed."

With a cranky, tentative motion, like an old woman, her face now averted from him, she obeyed.

But otherwise, the ritual remained unchanged.

The ritual of work remained unchanged, too. After breakfast, with the last gulp of coffee still hot in his throat, he would shove the chair back and go out the back door, not even pausing to light his cigarette until he was free. If it was raining, he stood on the back porch, sucking on the cigarette, waiting for a break that would let him go to his task. If the break did not come, he would put on the old black slicker he had found in a closet and tear out for the barn to skulk there in that shadowy dampness, pretending to sort the debris that, over the years, had accumulated there.

Pretending, for he had already done all that was really needed. Not that the pretense was designed to deceive the woman in the house. No, he was not concerned to deceive her, but he had to deceive his own hands, make them think that the movements they made had a purpose. For if he deceived the hands into making those movements, then they, by those movements, could deceive him and he would not be left, occupationless, to sit in the chill shadows of the barn, with a cigarette in his mouth, with the cigarette butts accumulating on the packed earth about his feet, staring out the half–open door, up the slope where the woods were, at the gray, sopping sky. If he did not play that trick on the hands, then they would not play that trick on him, and if they did not, he would have to sit and think how things had once been and how they could never again be anything but what they now were.

Sometimes at noon, whether it was raining or not, whether he was in the barn or doing some job outside, he did not go to the house to eat. Not that he would have had to see her, for from the first, even if she had been visible outdoors, hanging wash, she would always be put out of sight by noon. In the kitchen would be the cold food laid out, a pot of coffee keeping hot on the back of the range, the kitchen empty and silent. Even so, he might keep at

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his job, or if it was raining and he was in the barn, he might keep watching his hands make those careful motions which pretended to be a job.

But the time always came when he would have to go to the house. He would avoid the kitchen, now that he did not have to get water for washing, and enter by the door to the back hall, and go to the bathroom which he had brought back to service. He would strip to the waist and wash himself, then lay out his razor, hoping that some water was still warm in the coil built into the kitchen range. When the shaving was over, he would comb his hair and then lean forward to inspect his face in the mirror — oval, olive-swarthy, dark-eyed, even-featured except for a fullness of the lips. Looking at it, he would think: *Puss-Face.*

That was what that man always called him. Someday he would kill that man.

After shaving he would take a drink from the bottle he now kept in his room, just one good one, put on a town shirt, and go to the kitchen. His place would be laid, one place on the red-check oilcloth. The woman would be over there by the range, waiting.

But one night he took three pulls of the bottle before going to the kitchen, and when he entered and saw her staring at him, he went straight toward her, seized her and pressed his mouth hard and probingly against hers.

Releasing her, he stared into her face.

"Santa Madonna," he cried out, "why you no talk?"

Nothing changed.

"Santa Madonna," he cried, and heard his own voice thinning as into a wail in distance, "who you, please? Who you are?"

Just then the sound came. If he had not left the door open to the hall, they could not have heard it.

"Who that is?" he demanded, seizing her by the shoulders and shaking her. "You think Angelo stay here and no know!"

Then he shoved her from him. "I go see," he said, and strode toward the hall door. At the door he paused, and looked back. "I go see," he affirmed.

If she had said for him to stay, or even to go, he would have gone. But she said nothing. So in his rage and humiliation, he closed the door and went to sit down at the table.

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After supper, he always went immediately to his room. There he lay down, and by the bare bulb of an old table lamp he had found in the barn and now kept on a chair by the bed, read one of his magazines. He had found them, stacks of them, in the armoire in the room upstairs with the tester bed — *True Detective, Argosy, Black Mask, True Confessions, Gangland, Ellery Queen,* dozens of titles, hundreds of copies, some dating back thirty-five years, none more recent than 1945, the pages gone yellow, the paper ready to flake under a touch, the colors of cover illustrations fading out, the dresses of girls and the shapes of cars in the pictures all looking funny now. He had brought the magazines down to his room, load after load, to stack along the wall, to the right of his bed. Now dozens of them were on the left side, where, at random, they had been flung. For when he had finished one, had really finished it, reading it steadily, even the advertisements, he flung it over to the left side.

It was not that he would have been able to identify a single story read a week, or perhaps even a night, earlier. He sensed this fact, but sensed, too, that the very blur of similarity, was something he craved. The excitement evoked in the blur of violence and lust was allayed only to be re-evoked by a new story which, in turn, would be nothing more than the old cycle repeated, the tale always empty of meaning but charged always with the heavy atmosphere of gun-smoke and sweetly sweating flesh.

For it was all a dream, like the dream his own past now seemed to be, and the two dreams could merge into one dream, not to be differentiated, and in that dream he was strong, he was real, men fell beneath the impact of his fist or the bullet he fired, and white arms stretched toward him, and red lips gone slack and distorted with yearning piteously called out his name — Angelo, Angelo.

Sometimes he would lie on the bed and think how there had once been somebody named Angelo. People had called that name. But now only in a dream.

At a certain point, it might be in the middle of a story or while his eyes were fixed on an advertisement, he would let the magazine fall to his chest, and would fumble to locate the little radio he had got second-hand in Parkerton. Lying there, propped on a pillow, with the cigarette hanging from his lips, he would hunt for a station, and when he found the music he wanted, with the radio turned down till the music was little more than a whisper in a dream, a murmur

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coming from beyond the further edge of silence, he would lie back and watch the smoke unspooling upward in the naked light. He would be thinking what it would be like to be in a world where that music was.

He would lie there with closed eyes, while the music murmured from beyond the further edge of silence, and try to remember something — anything — that had once happened to him. Shapes, gestures, sounds would come into the darkened theater of his head, but colors, they never came. He knew that there had been colors, but the colors had been bleached away, and behind the shut eyes he watched the gray flickering of a world that had once been real.

Or as he watched the flickering, he would try to remember what feelings he had had in that world when it was real. But it seemed that all feeling, like the colors, had been drained away from these stances and movements of memory. Then, one night, listening to the rustle of music from the radio, he became aware that he did not even know what feelings he had now.

He was suddenly aware of this, but was not aware that he had been trying, in fact, not to have any. Day by day, he watched his hands in the fury of occupation, and tried not to have any feeling. He ate food and tried not to taste it. He looked at the woman standing by the range. He rose in the morning and evacuated, he came back to the room to find her there, he did what he would do, and everything was like everything else.

Was this the way things always were in the end? If all you had out of living was the memories you couldn't remember the feelings of, did that mean that your living itself, even now while you lived it, was like that too, and everything you did, even in the instant of doing, was nothing more than the blank motions the shadow of your body made in those memories which now, without meaning, were all you had out of the living and working you had done before?

He thought how his mother's hands had always been moving, all the years, and how he had watched them move. He thought of his father's hands. He had watched their hands moving, and their eyes as they looked down at their own hands, and he had sworn that he would never be like that. And he had not been, not for a while, but now he himself was like that.

He remembered how, in the last years, his father had sat in a chair in the kitchen, far off in Savoca, in Sicily, a dying hulk, and

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the hands had not been moving then, lying swollen on the knees. But a foot, always the right foot, had always been twitching, just a little, inside the torn felt slipper, with the big toe sticking through, twitching with a rhythmic regularity. The old man sat with eyes fixed on the floor, and everything, everything in the world, was just that twitch that you waited for, and then it came, always in that feeble and merciless regularity that made you want to get up and yell and run out into the street, anywhere.

Now night after night, remembering his father and the motion of the foot, he would rise from the bed, and go from the room. He would go upstairs and wander about, and in the end, shut off the flashlight and stand breathing the dark air that was harsh with dustiness and cold. It was always the big front room with the tester bed where he cut off the light. In the dark he would move toward a window and look off in what he knew was the direction of the ruined dairy house.

The first night when he wandered upstairs, he came back to his room, to find the radio still emitting its whispery music. He seized it, lifted his arm high as though to hurl it from him. But he lowered it, turned it off, and in the silence stared down at it, there in his hand.

On subsequent nights, if he had forgotten to turn it off, he merely picked it up, turned the switch, and then undressed as quickly as possible, and lay down to sleep.

At least, in this world of changelessness, where nothing had ever happened and nothing would ever happen, he could, if he waited long enough, sleep. For he knew that the dream that used to wake him in the sweat of fear and guilt did not come now. The dream might be there, waiting in the dark to be dreamed. But now, night by night, he closed his eyes and knew that, at least not yet, he would not have to dream it.

He knew that he was living another dream, and the living of that dream was the price he paid not to dream the other.

Back in the fall, sorting out the plunder in the barn, he had found a 12-gauge shotgun. It was old and rusty, but he dismantled it, soaked it in kerosene, worked it over with steel wool and oiled it. Now in the protracted spell of hard clear weather that came in January, he would slip away in the afternoon and go hunting for

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rabbits. He felt some uneasiness in breaking from the rigid ritual of his occupations, but now, in this new brightness of sky, he could not stand the proximity of the house. When he came into the kitchen at dusk and flung down a couple of rabbits, gutted and peeled, he was doing something that seemed to expiate whatever had, in the afternoon, needed expiation.

The first day he wandered over the ridge east of the house, and into the woods and old fields beyond, but each day as he made the loop homeward, he moved closer and closer to the other woods to the south and west, toward the road. On the fifth day, it was still daylight when he crouched behind deadfall at the edge of the open ground where the dairy house was.

There was no movement in that space. A squirrel chittered somewhere, far off. After a time, a single crow, very high above the spot where he crouched, labored, in a stubborn, methodical motion, across the visible sky. The glitter of sun, at that height, on the blackness of those moving wings, made him realize the thickening shadow of the woods.

He rose and took the track toward the house.

When he came around the corner of the barn, he saw the cream-colored Buick convertible. He had seen that car three times before. It had come every month. Peering out from the protection of the barn, he waited until the man in the gray suit and gray overcoat came out and got in the Buick.

Suddenly, with the powerful glide of its take-off, the car disappeared beyond the house, so suddenly he was not sure it had been there at all. Staring at the place where it had been and was not now, he thought that if he had not gone away, or if going away, he had not gone into those other woods, then the car would not have been there.

But he knew that thinking that was crazy.

The car came every month.

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Stanley Diamond

MAN AND SUPERMAN

Anthropology in Question

> *[I]n a sense, by dint of studying man, we . . . have made ourselves incapable of knowing him.* — ROUSSEAU

Anthropology, abstractly conceived as the Study of Man, is actually the study of men in crisis by men in crisis. Anthropologists and those they study have this much in common — they are both objects of contemporary civilization. The anthropologist who treats the native as an object may regard himself as relatively free — but that is an illusion. For, in order to objectify what one is studying, one is at the same time compelled to objectify oneself. On this score, the anthropologist betrays himself as inevitably as he does the native whom he examines. Therefore, when Levi-Strauss, whom I take to be both the most representative and the most elusive of contemporary anthropologists, argues that, as the offspring of colonialism, "anthropology . . . reflects, on the epistemological level, a state of affairs in which one part of mankind treats the other as an object," he tells us only half the truth. The other half is decisive. For the anthropologist is himself a victim and his power of decision is a fiction, embedded as it is in the exploitative foundations of civilization. E. Carpenter relates a case in point: the presumed results of an official experiment in communication to which he lent himself in Australian New Guinea. Although questioning the ethic of the undertaking, he argues that the disorganization, indeed the destruction, of the village culture under systematic electronic assault (tape recordings, film, etc.) which his team initiated, could be justified by the knowledge gained of analogous processes in our own society.

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Unless the anthropologist confronts his own alienation, which is only a special instance of a general condition, seeks to understand its roots, and subsequently matures as a critic of his own civilization — the very civilization which converts man into an object — he cannot understand or even recognize himself in the man of another culture or that other man in himself. Thus when Levi-Strauss finally insists, with an admirable consistency many who share his views fail to achieve, that as an anthropologist he cannot invidiously compare societies, that to assume the legitimacy of one is to legitimate all, he does so as a pure relativist, a natural scientist of man. This implies a suspension of what our society isolates as values, and all serious reflection or action coming from them. Values become aspects of a cultural code which are no more meaningful than parts of speech. This "privileged" situation of the anthropologist is, in fact, the quintessence of alienation. For he must behave *as if* he had no judgment, *as if* his experience were inconsequential, *as if* he denied history, *as if* the contradictions between his origins and his vocation did not exist. Moreover, he will imagine that he has no politics and he will consider that a virtue. One is reminded of Ruth Benedict's argument that if our society created unemployment, it was only logical to assume that the unemployed should be treated with dignity, or analogously, that under colonial conditions the British did better with proud people, and the Dutch with those who were more accustomed to humiliation. Therefore, a reshuffling of sovereignties was theoretically in order. In this admittedly banal example, which has not yet developed into scientific relativism, symmetry of values is the prime consideration of the relativist professional. He may know better, but he may not admit to knowing better as an anthropologist.

The split between the person and the professional reaches the limits of irony in the Study of Man. It is, of course, prefigured in military and civilian bureaucracies and in the organization of the state itself, where the person adapts to status and a "professional" ethic, the ethic of domination. The "professional" anthropologist is an alien, although — perhaps because — he claims the whole of the Western tradition for his ancestry. Claiming everything, he is in danger of being nothing. Indeed, he is estranged three times over: first, in his own society, along with most of his fellow citizens; secondly, in the choice of his profession; and finally, in relation to those whom he studies.

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Such an anthropologist must sooner or later define himself as an "entropologist" (Levi-Strauss's term) and assume the ultimate leveling of all cultures into the flux of matter. If the possibility of self-knowledge is denied by the anthropologist as the goal of his inquiry, as Levi-Strauss does in response to Ricouer, then the structures or forms, of which history is merely an aspect, become ends in themselves which are bound to disintegrate. This denial of self–knowledge by Levi-Strauss, most evident in his confrontation with Ricouer and others at a symposium organized by *L'Esprit* in 1963, is worth examining because it exemplifies scientism in ethnology, and almost succeeds as an objective, relativist statement.

On two occasions during the round-table discussion Ricouer asks: "But if I do not understand myself better by understanding [primitive peoples], can I still talk of meaning? If meaning is not a sector of self-understanding, I do not know what it is."

The first time Levi-Strauss replies: ". . . In my perspective, meaning is never the primary phenomenon: meaning is always reducible. In other words, behind all meaning there is a non–meaning, while the reverse is not the case. As far as I am concerned, significance is always phenomenal."

The second time Levi-Strauss replies: "I find it quite legitimate that a philosopher who poses the problem in terms of the person should raise this objection, but I am not obliged to follow suit. What do I understand by meaning? A particular flavor perceived by a consciousness when it tastes a combination of elements of which any one taken alone would not produce a comparable flavor. . . . The ethnologist tries to recover the meaning . . . to reconstitute the meaning . . . by mechanical means he constructs it, unwarps it, and then after all he is a man, so he tastes it."

Later on (in response to Jean Lautman's remark: "I should like to return to the question of meaning. . . . ") Levi-Strauss elaborates: "I am trying to make an analysis of man . . . this undertaking is to find out how the human mind functions. . . . I have a feeling that the ethnologist does the same thing for collective ensembles that the psychoanalyst does for individuals [with reference to the theory of the mind, not therapeutic practice.] . . . *I do not believe that the self-analysis undertaken by the mind will improve it, I am completely indifferent as to whether it improves it or no. What interests me is to find out how it works and that is all.*"

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But questions remain. Jean Conilh asks: "I wonder if this problem you have raised is not the following: Each time we attempt an interpretation of savages is this not always ultimately a way of finding a meaning for them so as to understand ourselves? . . . Is our problem to classify or to find a meaning?"

Levi-Strauss answers: "To be sure I think that one of the reasons for the attraction ethnology exercises even on non–professionals, is that its inquiries have powerful motivations within the heart of our society, interpreting as they do a number of our society's dramas. . . . We ought to recognize that whether we are ethnologists or merely interested in ethnology it is for *scientifically impure reasons* . . . nevertheless if ethnology is to deserve recognition some day for its role in the constitution of the human sciences, it will be for other reasons."

The anthropologist implies, in other words, that structuralism, or whatever the name of the contribution ethnology is destined to make to the understanding of mind, is a higher truth, like Freudian theory, in contrast to its practice. It is here that the relativism of Levi-Strauss breaks down: ". . . its importance . . . depends on results whose interest lies on another plane." Thus, Levi-Strauss admits his belief in a science of the ultimate forms of reality, which has reached its zenith in Western civilization. Although he refuses to locate himself in any particular philosophic tradition, he has, in fact, become a mediator of final concepts. And this is a view which, according to Alexandre Koyré, has its origins in Plato, coincident with the rise of the academy. Thus Levi-Strauss's higher mission is academic and ethnocentric.

The key to Levi-Strauss's "meaninglessness" is, I believe, in his rejection of self-knowledge, which is, in turn, the root paradox of modern anthropology. If self-knowledge is relevant, so is self-criticism, which is, indeed, impossible without self-knowledge. Moreover, both self-knowledge and self-criticism are meaningless without a normative sense of human nature, which Levi-Strauss's radical relativism and formalism inevitably contradict. His relativism breaks down, as we have seen, with reference to his own professional task or perhaps we are obliged to say, more specifically, that his relativism is that of the scientific observer, and is not a naïve cultural relativism. His formalism constricts the human enterprise within an ethnologically defined cultural unconscious, limited in its functions though generating a

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variety of formal analogues. But there is no real possibility of novelty, volition, substance, synthesis. Levi-Strauss's complementary oppositions, around which he chooses to organize his ethnographic data, do not permit of synthesis (not to speak of transcendence), and, therefore, they do not permit of growth. They are *structured,* not *human* ambivalences. It is hard to decide whether so high-pitched a determinism is rooted in a theory of human nature or culture. What is more likely is that we have been presented with a closed hypothesis concerning the nature of culture that is reducible to a dogma concerning the nature of mind. It is equally hard to decide whether Levi-Strauss is a pure natural scientist or the cold poet of a formalist aesthetics, until one realizes that in his work, more clearly than in that of any thinker of our time, the two visions are identical. But above all, it is important to recognize Levi-Strauss's determinism, his negation of history as a human possibility.

Criticism of our society or theirs depends on the definition of human needs, possibilities and limits arrived at through the constant effort to grasp the meaning of the historical experiences of men. In this anthropological "experiment," which we initiate, it is not they who are the ultimate objects, but ourselves. We reflect on ourselves studying others, because man in civilization is the problem. Primitive peoples do not study Man; it is unnecessary, the subject is given; they say this or that about behavior (who has not been impressed by the wisdom of his informants?); they engage in ritual, they celebrate, but they are not compelled to objectify. We, on the contrary, are engaged in a complex search for the subject in history, as the precondition for a minimal definition of humanity and therefore of self-knowledge as the ground for self-criticism. The questions we bring to history come out of our own need. The task of anthropology is to clarify these questions.

Jean Conilh touches upon the problem as follows: "In the Eighteenth Century we find writers discussing the Good Savage in relation to the questions they were asking about themselves. In the bourgeois colonialist epoch we find a conception of the primitive which presents them as inferior. . . ."

Manifestly, these two contrasting views would seem to be rationalizations of the interests of the respective pre- and postrevolutionary societies. Certainly, nothing could be clearer than that im-

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perialism was the source of the idea of the inferior savage. But further reflection leads us to a deeper assumption, namely, that in the nineteenth century, the period of bourgeois consolidation in Europe and America, the very image of man was progressively degraded and was reflected in the shift in conceptions of the primitive. To put it another way: the distrust and suspicion of human nature, the mark of the nineteenth-century bourgeoisie, that basic distrust and repression of themselves, were expressed as anthropological assumptions. And these assumptions about Man were projected on primitive men.

There is a further nuance in the distinction between the eighteenth-century Good Savage and the nineteenth-century notion of inferiority. Just as, in the nineteenth century, the social organization and techniques of modern industrial capitalism emerge as a world force, so the idea of inevitable progress in the name of science becomes a fixed ideology. The revolutions having succeeded and then, quite obviously, having failed in their social promise, it appears as if all the frustrated passion were mobilized behind the idea of the dominance of science. This, in turn, had been foreshadowed in the excitement about the future of science so evident in the eighteenth century. But there are very important distinctions. For the eighteenth century, science (celebrated even by the poets) was to incarnate the spirit of reason, while the vision of the scientific society was utopian, a vision that Fourier and others later tried to realize. Moreover, the celebration of the rational was balanced by a bitter and sophisticated critique of actual social conditions on the one hand, and the sense of the indivisibility of existence, in its aesthetic, sensuous and rational dimensions, on the other.

In the eighteenth century men can still be rediscovered; mankind is an open system. The great questions concerning the nature of man and culture are being reformulated; it is the turning point in the modern consciousness. The Good Savage, synonymous with the natural man, was both an historical definition and the ground for the "perfectability" of man. Rousseau asks: "What experiments would be necessary to achieve knowledge of natural man? What are the means of making these experiments in the midst of society?" The dilemma, he says, is that "for the 300 or 400 years since the inhabitants of Europe have inundated the other parts of the world, and continuously published new collections of voyages and reports, I am convinced that we know no other men except the Europeans,

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. . . under *the pompous name of the study of man,* everyone does hardly anything except study the men of his country." Rousseau calls for a proper anthropology, the purpose of which is self-knowledge, and the means the authentic understanding of others. As a representative of his time, he is interested in a critical and revolutionary discipline.

In the nineteenth century, on the other hand, the concept of the primitive no longer implies the search for the "natural" man. In the hardening scientific perspective, primitive characteristics are regarded as remote in time and space; they are at the base of the evolution toward civilization; and civilization has been identified as a unilinear, inevitably progressive movement. Although doubts are evident, for example, in the work of Morgan and Tylor, the secular trend is conceived to be from the inferior to the superior. This investment in the notion of progress in the nineteenth century was the beneficent aspect of a morbid process, which can be epitomized as the conquest of nature, including human nature. Imperialism was a political manifestation of the struggle against nature and man, associated with the inevitable superiority of Western civilization; the means at hand for conquering primitive and archaic peoples helped rationalize the scientific perspective in which they were viewed as inferior. Coincidentally, the spirit of reason, the scientific utopianism of the eighteenth century was transformed into a functional and reductive rationality, found in the mechanisms of the market, and embedded in the apparatus of industrial capitalism. Rationalization takes over the whole of human existence; as reason is reduced to rationality, the aesthetic and sensuous aspects of the person are repressed, that is, they are brutalized or sentimentalized. The ethos of "achievement" — what in other contexts is called the "performance principle" — develops in antagonism to human nature, constricts the definition as well as the range of human possibilities.

Even revolutionaries do not escape; they are, after all, shaped by the forces they seek to transcend. Marx, for example, has abandoned the scientific utopianism of the eighteenth century, though he acknowledges his indebtedness; he was obliged to take into account — while accounting for — the domestic and foreign aspects of nineteenth-century capitalism. Accordingly, the early Marx justifies imperialism as being "objectively" progressive: only thus could

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the frozen structure of archaic civilizations be broken down, and progress become possible. He was to give up this view, which remains the classic rationalization for colonialism, although he never developed any coherent alternative. Similarly, Marx changed his mind on the question of Irish liberation: originally he was opposed to that movement because he assumed that the potential solidarity of the British working class and the impoverished Irish could be more important strategically, and more significant historically, than the national question. But in later years he felt that Irish independence would deprive the English establishment of a diversionary tactic, and force the English proletariat to direct their frustrations against their own ruling class. In each instance, that of imperialism, and that of the Irish question, Marx dealt with the problem in the language of an abstract, world-historical process.

In centering on "progressive" Europe, Karl Marx was certainly a man of his time. Indeed, the most fruitful of the Marxist terms of reference derive from the time. More generally, they relate to "history," in the Marxist lexicon to civilization. The primitive, classless, communal societies of prehistory and the posthistorical societies, presumably free of alienation, are hardly subject to conventional Marxist analysis. The historical materialist terms of reference grow more cogent as modern class societies mature and harden. This is what Rudi Supek, the Yugoslavian sociologist, seems to imply when he writes: "Marx's well known statement, . . . namely that 'the methods of production of material life condition the process of social, political and intellectual life in general' is valid only for a firmly structured society with highly developed material production." It follows, therefore, that only in primitive societies can we begin to grasp the full potential of the generic-symbolic capacities of men.

Yet Marx is very close in his emphasis on practice to Rousseau, who had stated, "Man is not made to meditate, but to act." Of course, Rousseau's meditations were, in their relentless self–examination, *acts*. For Rousseau, as has been said, "theory and practice: thought and life, the abstract and the concrete [could not be divorced]. Moreover, in propounding a theory of society most in accord with the possibilities of human nature, *the natural society,* to which, he imagined, all history is tending, Marx extends and completes the tradition of Rousseau. If Rousseau is in his range the most representative thinker of the Eighteenth Century ("With Rousseau,"

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asserts Goethe, "a new world begins"), Marx plays that role in the nineteenth. He is, so to speak, the Rousseau of the postrevolutionary period of bourgeois class consolidation, but he also conceives of himself as living in a revolutionary interim. And he has absorbed most of what is useful in the evolutionary theories of his time. He lives at a time in which Rousseau's (or, for that matter, Herder's) worst intimations of the future have been realized.

It is hard to conceive of a Marx without a Rousseau; between them, they have constructed an extraordinary critique of the origins and fate of the modern consciousness. They are both familiar with the paradoxes of history, and they represent a critical tradition which binds their centuries together. Yet their differences reveal the discontinuities between the two periods. Marx is basically committed to Europe; he faces the juggernaut squarely; and he imagines it transformed through its structural contradictions, understood and acted on politically. Europe is the key to the future, and for most of his life he seemed convinced that progress, despite the proliferation of new problems, is a historic reality. Progress is no longer just an eighteenth-century projection; it is for Marx, and Engels also, a realization. Rousseau, on the other hand, is, from the beginning, alive to the human possibilities that he senses in the primitive cultures that Europeans had been systematically destroying for the sake of progress and profit. Rousseau believed in the perfectability of man, but he was profoundly skeptical of the European argument for progress.

Primitive cultures were for Marx and Engels the ground of all future historical movement. Moreover, Marx indicated that they served as the paradigm for the idea of socialism; socialism, said Marx, would achieve "that which men had always dreamed about." It would seem that nineteenth-century progressivism inhibited Marx and Engels from a further inquiry into the actual conditions of primitive culture. Marxism did not generate an ethnology, but a critical and revolutionary analysis of civilization, particularly of modern capitalism, based upon the fundamental questions asked of their own time and place.

An ethnology in the tradition of Marx and Rousseau is possible, however, but it is obliged to base itself on the converse of the Marxist analytic and critical categories (and thus owes much to Marx) in

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order to provide us with an interpretive, comparative and historically self-critical description of primitive society. Anthropology has been impoverished to the degree that it does not explicitly center on questions of the following order, which were, of course, anticipated in the eighteenth century:

What is the quality of social life and individual consciousness in a primitive culture in which:

1. There is a predominantly natural division of labor, the person engages in a variety of tasks, and no significant disparity between mental and manual labor exists
2. Neither classes, class conflicts, nor exploitative political structures exist
3. Social contradictions are minimized or resolved: existential contradictions are celebrated and socially experienced
4. The available technology is maximally utilized for human needs, that is, where there are no social constraints on material possibilities, and man remains the subject, i.e. *commands,* the means of production
5. Technology has developed in an empirical, but non-scientific context, and is embedded in ritual relations
6. Kinship, rather than object relations define and link society and nature
7. The idea of *social* progress does not exist?

Further, in primitive cultures:

a. What is the range of definitions of human nature?
b. What is the character of, and what are the social occasions for violence?
c. What are the goals and means of education (learning) in the absence of formal schooling?

In short, *what is meant concretely by the claim that our sense of primitive communal societies is the archetype for socialism?*

An anthropology rooted in the manifold implications of such questions shares the eighteenth-century vision of the human potential. It is important to realize, following Hobsbawm, that there is a precedent in Marx. "It is certain that Marx' own historical interests after the publication of *Capital* (around 1867) were overwhelmingly concerned with [primitive communalism]," and further, ". . . [a reason for] Marx' increasing preoccupation with primitive com-

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munalism [was] his growing hatred and contempt for capitalist society . . . it seems probable that he, who had earlier welcomed the impact of Western capitalism as an inhuman but historically progressive force on stagnant precapitalist economies, found himself increasingly appalled by this inhumanity. We know that he has always admired the positive social values embodied, in however backward a form, in the primitive community, and it is certain that after 1857-8 . . . he increasingly stressed the viability of the primitive commune, its powers of resistance to historical disintegration and even — though perhaps only in the context of the Narodniki — discussed its capacity to develop into a higher form of economy without prior destruction."

But this is not to say that the result was a systematic ethnology. It does, however, imply that the primitive-civilized polarity, central to the eighteenth century, increasingly commanded the attention of Marx, who here again extends and completes the Rousseauan tradition.

The ethnocentric and abstract progressivism of the nineteenth century prepares anthropology for the uses to which it is put in the twentieth, the period in which the study of man becomes rationalized as an academic discipline and as a way of life for anthropologists. Amateurism evaporates; the tradition of Rousseau and Marx is not furthered, it is either misunderstood or abandoned; and the study of man lends itself to the manipulation of peoples in the very course of observing them. This is the case not only politically, but intellectually. Significant questions are trivialized and trivial questions made to appear significant in the struggle for professional position and academic reward.

At the same time, relativism emerges as the dominant theme in twentieth-century anthropology, and seeks to redress nineteenth-century ethnocentrism with specific reference to the allied notions of progress and the presumed inferiority of primitive people. Therefore, one finds that evolutionists can be relativists; social anthropologists associated with the British colonial office can be relativists, empiricists can be relativists and so on. Relativism, at its best, is a liberal response to, and a "humane" mediation of, whatever society seems viable in the eye or imagination of the anthropologist. But, at its worst, relativism proves popular not only because of its corrective role in the profession of anthropology; it is in accord with the spirit

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of the time, a perspective congenial in an imperial civilization convinced of its power. Every primitive or archaic culture is conceived as a human possibility that can be "tasted"; it is, after all, harmless. In our leisure, we convert the experience of other cultures into a kind of sport, just as Veblen's modern hunter mimics, and trivializes, what was once a way of life. Relativism is the bad faith of the conquerer, who has become secure enough to become a tourist.

Academic relativism knits together anthropologists of diverse "schools." For example, Boas and his students establish — and it is a brilliant achievement — that there are no inferior cultures, races or languages, and that race, language and culture are historically, not functionally, related. They strive to appreciate cultural diversity.

But this twentieth-century reaction is caught in contradictions from which it cannot escape. Cultural relativism is a purely intellectual attitude. It does not inhibit the anthropologist from participating as a professional in his own milieu; on the contrary, it rationalizes that milieu. Relativism, logically, is self-critical only in the abstract. Nor does it lead to engagement. It only converts the anthropologist into a figure without commitment but always ready to make newsworthy and shallow pronouncements about the cosmic condition of the human race. It does, however, have the effect of mystifying the profession, so that the very term "anthropologist" — student of man — commands the attention of an increasingly "popular" audience in search of novelty. But the search for self-knowledge, which Montaigne was the first to link to the annihilation of prejudice, is reduced to the experience of culture shock, a phrase used by both anthropologists and the State Department to account for the disorientation that usually follows an encounter with an alien way of life. But culture shock is a condition that one recovers from; it is not experienced as an authentic redefinition of the personality, but as a testing of its tolerance. These experiences also have been compared to psychotherapeutic encounters, in which the career of the anthropologist and the integrity of his professional function are clinically examined. The tendency of relativism, which it never quite achieves, is to detach the anthropologist from all particular cultures, though it never quite reaches that point. Nor does it provide him with a moral center, only a job.

One is tempted to say that relativism puts the soul of the anthropologist in jeopardy. But the relativist stance is usually demys-

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tified in practice and the anthropologist discovers that he is a middle-class Episcopalian Anglo-American or a second-generation urban American Jew, whose cultural identity reasserts itself along with his prejudices. It is at this point that relativism is reduced to a professional posture, the bedside manner of the anthropologist, and is divorced from his actual life.

As cultural relativism becomes thoroughly objectified, and professionally self-conscious, it passes into scientific relativism, and seeks to rid itself of all purposes extraneous to the detached scientific examination of cultural mechanisms. Self-knowledge, engagement, the involvement of the anthropologist in any activity other than his profession, are potential contaminations. The cycle is completed: participation in all cultures is revealed to be, and is scientifically justified as, equivalent to participation in none. This is assumed to be the key to the understanding of the human situation. And it is here that Levi-Strauss emerges as the anthropologist of his time.

But the avoidance of the implications of the Rousseauan and Marxist tradition does not work. The formal appreciation of primitive cultures, the collapse of the historical sense, the refusal to put one's own society in a critical perspective, lead only to academism and convert the anthropologist into an instrument of the civilization which his calling originally set out to question.

How, then, can anthropology be reconstituted? Intellectually, this is not as formidable a task as it sounds. The problem is one of reformulation, rather than discovery or invention. Nor is it primarily a question of devising new methods or fancy ideas. One simply begins with the primitive-civilized dichotomy. If one examines the methods and conclusions of Rousseau, it is possible to understand the ground of this ethnological enterprise.

Rousseau was concerned with two complementary tasks. On the one hand, he was engaged in a journey to the center of the species, in order to understand the "natural" precivilized man as a human possibility. He situated that possibility in prehistory and viewed certain realities in modern civilization, with which we have become all too familiar, as a threat to its further realization. On the other hand, he was engaged in a journey to the center of his own civilized being. The first task was historical, the second, personal, but they are, of course, related. Historically, he projected a model of primi-

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tive society, incorporating limited data, in quite the way contemporary anthropologists do. He called, as did the later Marx, for a much wider exploration of the lives of primitive people than had hitherto been possible, in order to discover "the real foundations of human society." He is fully aware of the difficulties involved: "it is no light undertaking to separate what is original from what is artificial in the nature of man. And to know correctly a state which no longer exists, which perhaps never existed, which probably never will exist, and about which it is nevertheless necessary to have precise notions in order to judge our present state correctly." What are we to make of this typical Rousseauan paradox?

Rousseau is here, laying the foundation for a normative and comparative model. At the same time, he puts all the information available to him in the perspective of the civilized predicament, about which he has incontestable data, and in which he himself is a datum, but not a passive vehicle. He has no illusions about the possibility of an objective portrait of primitive man, because he clearly recognizes that that portrait must be, on the one hand, the result of his own questions, and, on the other, the result of his own introspection. Although Cassirer, among others, is disturbed by the apparent disparity between Rousseau's use of specific cases and his projection of an imaginative model, this turns out to be no less than the inevitable method of anthropology.

Rousseau, then, utilizes data, and at the same time constructs a model based on the logical and historical opposition between himself, as a prototype of modern man, and the primitive peoples with whom he is concerned. Need it be repeated that he never uses the expression "noble savage"? Along with Morgan and Marx he sees the deep past as prologue, and he never suggested or imagined the possibility of turning back history. The latter was a charge, as he puts it, in the manner of his adversaries, and hardly worth a response. His impulse to understand primitive people is the other side of the impulse to understand the largely unexperienced, but imagined possibilities of himself as a civilized person. This attempted synthesis which embraces data, a model and introspection which clarifies further what one is observing, is the first, and one of the last, lucid statements of what anthropologists do, or should do.

Although Rousseau established the primitive-civilized paradigm in modern anthropology, he did not invent it. Its history is rooted in the history of civilization, but to trace it would be an exercise in an

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almost infinite regression. One would eventually arrive at that hypothetical point where man in civilization asks the question — in whatever symbolic form — who am I? And since contrast is the only mode of seeing, he thinks of himself in relation to what he assumed himself to have been and to what he may one day become.

The second aspect of Rousseau's understanding is evident in his *Confessions*. They are among the most enduring revelations of a fully conscious — perhaps the first — modern man. Rousseau strips himself to the bone. And once again he is less interested in the sequence of events than in their meaning. He is not a diarist. When his critics accuse him of misrepresentation, they misunderstand the convoluted problems of memory and construction of self, the question of truth which transcends facts. Any confession, like any attempt at ethnology, has, in short, to be a fiction, a constitution of reality. Interestingly enough, among social scientists "confessions" which deal with the confrontation with the people being studied seem peculiar to anthropologists. It would seem that, despite their professional protestations, anthropologists are concerned with more ultimate questions about the nature of man.

Thus, they have always generalized about primitive peoples. The problem is to ask questions of the latter, and of ourselves, of the type that I have tried to outline. As I have implied, such questions are not new; but by making them central, we change the ethnological focus. It is not even a question of further field work, but of reflection and synthesis. The data is voluminous, the ground for working toward conclusions exists. How many anthropologists have generalized about primitive peoples — Boas, Kroeber, Lowie, Radin — and how consistently, on the basis of restricted information?

Lowie is typical: ". . . The Eskimo (and most other primitive peoples) generously share what food and shelter are available. . . ." How may one take that statement apart? What is meant by *generously*? What are the penalties for not acting that way? How does Lowie know that *most* other primitive peoples behave in the same way? What does the ethnographer mean by primitive? And so on. Such questions are valid and more or less answerable. But the answers do not explode the paradigm, they help define it further. Lowie's statement remains accurate — imprecise but not trivial — *for in contrast to ourselves* most primitive peoples share the necessities of life; and that becomes one of the definitions of the primitive experience. One must note that Lowie's orthodox field work was

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limited to North American Indians, notably the Crow of the Plains, who had long since been confined, as he himself states, to reservations when the anthropologist appeared among them. Obviously no anthropologist has worked in more than two or three primitive societies. In short, anthropologists are in the habit of referring to the primitive modes of existence in terms of their own immediate experiences; and their familiar references to "my people" are symptomatic. But "my people" is also a proprietary expression, implying an invention, in which the anthropologist unwittingly includes himself.

This historical construction is not, nor can it be, based upon so-called rigorous examination of the full range of empirical data. The notion that data can somehow independently exist without a paradigm, even if unconscious, is, obviously, an illusion; such data would be no more than a catalogue of observations. Goethe put the matter succinctly: "The highest wisdom would be to understand that every fact is already theory." Historical intuition — the theoretical construction must also be an intuition — comes out of an inherited paradigm that constantly is renewed in the reflections of civilized men.

The political, as against the intellectual, reformulation of anthropology, is more complex, because it requires not only reflection and synthesis, but a different kind of work in the world. We are living in a period of unprecedented destruction of nations, cultures and languages, under the assault of highly centralized bureaucratic states, which reduce culture to its technical functions. Culture, the creation of shared meanings and symbolic interactions, is dissolving into a social mechanism directed by signals. This, of course, accounts for the rebellion of the youth against functional rationality and their search for some kind of meaning, a rebellion which need not be overt and often looks like cynicism, conformity, apathy.

Clearly, the Study of Man can reconstitute itself only in the struggle against the conversion of men into objects, in our own society and elsewhere. Anthropologists who recognize this may now decide to turn to the arena in which most men, notably peasants and primitives, the conventional "objects" of study, are re-creating themselves as subjects in the revolutionary dramas of our time.

Those anthropologists who choose to reformulate the questions of Rousseau and Marx can at least be sure that the Study of Man is not an end in itself; it will be negated in the knowledge of men.

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POEMS

LOOKING FOR THE DEVIL POEMS

'Tell Denise to write about the devil.'

1
Tell Sam
it is (perhaps) the devil
made me so goddamned strong

that I have made myself
(almost)
numb,
almost unable
to feel in me
(for now)
the beautiful outreaching of desire.

And tell him
it is perhaps the devil
inserted these parenthetical
qualifications.

2
It's the devil
swarms into 'emptiness'
not
    waiting
            until it slowly
            as a jar let stand
            at fountain's edge, fills,
            drop by drop,
but busily, as if no water
but flies buzzing were what
'emptiness' were to hold.

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3

Looking for the devil I walked
down Webster St. and across on
Cottage St. and down
Sumner to Maverick Square
and saw
3 dogs nosing the green plastic
garbage bags on the sidewalk,
5 children screaming cheerfully together, sliding upon a strip of gray ice,
1 simpleton (Webster St.'s own) who
waved and called 'Hi!' to me,
4 elderly Italian peasant women (separately) lugging home groceries
in big shopping bags, their faces solemn as at some ritual,
2 twelve-year-old girls in cheap maxi-coats,
10 more or less silent teenaged boys in groups of 3 or 4 standing
on several corners, collars up, seeming to wait for something which
was not about to happen,
2 middleaged bookies, one wearing
a seedy chesterfield — the same guys I saw
one day at the Buffalo Meat Market ordering
some big steaks, but today
down on their luck —

and no doubt some other persons, but these
were all I noticed:

and in none of these
could I discern the devil
(under the sullen January sky) nor was the devil,
surely, the east wind
blowing garbage out of the bags after
the dogs succeeded in ripping them,
nor was the devil the ugly
dogshit innocently smeared on the pavement.

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Was he then
my eyes that searched for him?
Or was he the inexorable
smog of tedium that we breathed,
I and all these, even
the children at play, even, quite possibly, the dogs?

Or was he
the toneless ignorance all that I saw
had of itself?

Denise Levertov

CONFRONTATION

Highland cattle are ornamentally
shaggy, rust-colored objects as they turn
to stare at you, their eyes
are the eyes of certain people
I have known, brown eyes you
expect to be larger than they are;
their look gives no in-
dication of how they think
and the lower part of
the face shifts around chewing
something like gum, lips slack,
casual, perhaps they could be
cruel or noncommital or even friendly, neither
my son nor I nor the two other
children are particularly afraid, though
I say — walk slowly, children, let them
come up to you and see you — thinking
cows are nearsighted, and
I say — they want to meet you — assuming

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they would, having lacked human
contact during a prolonged winter,
that they would associate us with providing
food, etc.; and finally, the amazingly human
hair, rich, unkempt auburn, waves
in the wind, giving them
a benevolent aspect, or wise, or
at least elderly and not given to hasty
judgment: so that
when my son walks up
to the first, reaching out
his hand to pat
the cow's nose, and it lowers
its head big as my boy,
its horns exactly the long horns
curved up at the ends I used to see
in Grade B Viking movies,
and tosses him, the flat of her head
nudging him suddenly into
a back flip in the air,
to land sitting down in the opposite
direction from the cow,
breath knocked out of him, it is
a few moments before
I move to snatch him up and by
that time he can cry, filling
his lungs again;
the cow is doing nothing, only
standing there, but the look
in her eyes as I stand there with my son
in my arms and the others huddled
back of me, intending (pretending?) to
protect them, I feel is now different —
nervous, resentful, unpuzzled,
unheeding — or heeding another set
of instructions, though maybe my own
deduction, made in the emotion
of the moment as a concerned onlooker

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with different concerns, is
not relevant; at any rate
we move out, the four of us, gradually,
stared down.

Explaining the matter
later to the children, I refer to her
as a bull; of course
this is a delusion, the hair
making quick identification impossible,
and serving also to mask
certain other identifiable qualities
beyond the merely picturesque
cow, as an element of
a landscape with eyes.

WORLD RECORD

Somewhere below a circuit-breaker
clicks, in the basement there is
a rumbling, the walls are vibrating
like steamship plates, the house
shudders and we're pressed
onto the floor by accelerating G-forces,
I hear the tight wood
groan, the house rips slowly off
its foundation, is air-
borne, in minutes we have left
earthfield, a shingle
spins outside the window,
my wife, son and I float
free, bumping into
one another gently, the sun
rotates unsteadily, we call

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to each other: Look!
The Persian Gulf!
The storms! A hanging brain!
An unopened flower! A scarab! —
but grow tired of comparisons, swim
through the empty rooms, heads
that streams of particles pass
through from other lives, we exchange
the data, keep records, adjust
the instruments, perform the novel
housekeeping chores, get angry,
shout, love, sometimes
we laugh, revolving slowly
at 33,000 miles-per-hour on a mission
we know The People are applauding annually, perhaps
even more frequently.

CHILD ON A FOOTBRIDGE

The other side is where the mountain laurel banks
like snow at sundown, pink
hedged by a mist
is what I want
now.
She runs across
the walk's tight spine
hanging by bending nerves
that tremble with sympathy of legs, her mind in flowers.

Robert Vas Dias

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HIGH POETRY

Suddenly, all around this little room, everything is high. The cat's high, the dog's high, the goat's high, even the fish in the tank and the roaches are high. Also, there is a stuffed owl. In case you're wondering about the stuffed owl: he's high. Of course the floor is high and the walls are high; of course the chair is high. Which reminds me: congratulations, your ovaries are also somehow high. There is a piece of wood broken off the windowsill: it is lying there in the dust over in one corner. But it's high! The dust's high, too, along with the corner. A flowerpot just fell off the windowsill of the rooms overhead, and killed a postman. It's still high, although now he's not so high anymore. As long as we are discussing Civil Service in the United States, what about the president of the country? Well, he must surely be the President of High now, it doesn't seem possible that the President of America is afraid of a little thing like heights, does it? This is certainly a great life we all have in here, high together. All of us, happy here, in a space I originally found in a deserted vacant lot but have brought up to my room in the elevator — all happy in here, rich or poor, every color, creed, national origin without regard to faith, weight, height or taste. Oh, don't lean too far out of the window, in order to get a better look at the mountains out there, which we now rename the Low Sierras. Listen, a knock on our door. It's a contact from the outer world, in the form of a telegram. Is it an eviction notice, which we've been longing for? No, it's a message from the pebbles. It was slipped under the door, but we're so high now it was almost slipped under the floor. It's a message from some pebbles lying on the floor of the Atlantic Ocean, lying there for all eternity, shifted by the undersea winds, brushed gently upon and across by the currents; and, finally, smoothed and streaked by the tender hand of time. The pebbles have sent a message saying: "Greetings from The Pebbles! We're having a wonderful time! Wish you were with us, down here!" I thought so! Just as I suspected, I bet they're high, too! They signed their message to us: "The Pebble Family Singers." Oh goodbye Pebbles, goodbye outside world, or rather *au revoir;* we'll see you again soon, at the end of this poem of our life.

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UNIVERSE

There are gestures that forget the rest of the body, a wave of the hand that you execute with a tree, for example. Also, there is a hug that you perform by opening an umbrella, some punches that you throw with a shovel, a glance that must be darted with a Zeppelin, and a little set of kisses that come wrapped in tinfoil, which must be presented to the viewer and voyeur on a little glowing tray, like light filament. The mind has always been a trapdoor. Opened, it lets the voyager, the one with the sleeve or hem of the burnoose over his face — the one on the camel — slip down with the sands of time through the waist of the hourglass. Or down the leg of the clock. Or below the lungs in the bell-tower. But look! The camel refuses to let the voyager and his goods slip through the eye of the needle. At the other end of the mouth of the tunnel of the needle, through which it takes endlessly to crawl, all the turtles of childhood lie waiting, together with a thumbed-up nudist magazine that indicated to all your best friends that your mind belongs in the gutter. Thank God for public decency! Also, bravo for the appearance of the bright blue shoe buckles, a dog, two cats, fifty little fish, Mother, Father, Sister and Brother. Finally, flashes of light take over. The long awaited moment! It is then, at last, amid many bright blue burstings and yellow efflorescences, on a field consisting of pink hearts set against a region of green and white stripes, among silently revolving spirals of still distant stars, and facing new constellations, staring up at stars in patterns representing such common objects as hats, coats, earmuffs and ladies' underwear — it is then and only then that each man may finally begin *smiling like a house.*

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THE LOVER'S THANKS

When I said that I was your faithful lover, I meant that although I'm a friend of your mind, which you so graciously gave, I am also grateful to you for throwing in your body, while you were at it. Since the days (through a simple, subtle, not to mention celebrated and effective process of elimination) are becoming simultaneously lengthier but fewer, what I would like to tell you here is that I would be delighted, in future, to spend an hour with your mind and body under the tree of eternity any old day. So here is a big gold star. You have of course already been presented with the Double Medal of the Nipples, which someone or other who was certainly very grandiose saw fit to award at some much earlier date. But this personal gold star represents my most modest and shy thanks for dazzling us all with the startling sights of vast slow whirls of formerly invisible stars, for beguiling us with all the sounds of unknown thundering suns. Don't worry about that sticky little Gold Star on your skin: a little soap and cold water, turpentine, lighter fluid, or other household solvent, it comes right off.

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY MUSIC QUESTIONNAIRE

Sixteenth Century Music: and I sense the entirely sensible emptiness of living in a time which is out of reach, inaccessible not only through the perfection of information but also as a style of the imagination. Still, while it is true that this time no longer exists, it is also true that there was no possibility of it ever existing for me, even from the beginning of time; and, conversely, that there never was any chance of my existing in it. That's why I like it so much . . . does that answer your urgent questionnaire? We play Sixteenth Century Music because it resembles the generous deprivations we have never even had the luxury of forgetting.

Michael Benedikt

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John K. Simon

A CONVERSATION WITH MICHEL FOUCAULT

INT: Mr. Foucault, it's been said that you've given us a new way of studying events. You've formulated an archeology of knowledge, the sciences of man, objectifying literary, or non-literary, documents of a period, and treating them as "archives." And you're also interested in current politics. How do you live out your science; how do you apply it to what's going on today? In other words, how do you uncover today's discourse? How do you perceive changes taking place at this moment?

FOUCAULT: In the first place, I am not at all sure that I have invented a new method, as you were so kind to assert; what I am doing is not so different from many other contemporary endeavors, American, English, French, German. I claim no originality. It is true, though, that I have dealt especially with phenomena of the past: the system of exclusion and the confinement of the insane in European civilization from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, the establishment of medical science and practice at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the organization of sciences of man in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But I was interested in them — in fact, profoundly interested — because I saw in them ways of thinking and behaving that are still with us.

I try to show, based upon their historical establishment and formation, those systems which are still ours today and within which we are trapped. It is a question, basically, of presenting a critique of our own time, based upon retrospective analyses.

INT: In terms of what's been happening in higher education around the world, do you see us, yourself, all of us, imprisoned in some kind of system?

FOUCAULT: The form in which societies pass on knowledge is determined by a complex system: it hasn't yet been fully analyzed, but it seems to me that the system is being shattered; more under the influence of a revolutionary movement, in fact, than of mere theoretical or speculative criticism. There is a significant difference be-

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tween the insane and the sick on the one hand, and students on the other, in this respect: in our society it is difficult for the insane who are confined or the sick who are hospitalized to make their own revolution; so we have to question these systems of exclusion of the sick and the insane from the outside, through a technique of critical demolition. The university system, however, can be put into question by the students themselves. At that point criticism coming from the outside, from theoreticians, historians or archivists, is no longer enough. And the students become their own archivists.

INT: Several years ago, a document appeared here called "The Student as Nigger." Are there parallels aside from the master-slave relationship between the student as an excluded figure and the madman? And are there other "pariahs" defined and set by society in order to maintain its own rationality and cohesion?

FOUCAULT: Your question is far-reaching and difficult to answer. At any rate, it concerns me greatly because it points essentially in the same direction as my work. Until now, it seems to me that historians of our own society, of our own civilization, have sought especially to get at the inner secret of our civilization, its spirit, the way it establishes its identity, the things it values. On the other hand, there has been much less study of what has been rejected from our civilization. It seemed to me interesting to try to understand our society and civilization in terms of its system of exclusion, of rejection, of refusal, in terms of what it does not want, its limits, the way it is obliged to suppress a certain number of things, people, processes, what it must let fall into oblivion, its repression-suppression system. I know very well that many thinkers — though if only since Freud — have already tackled the problem. But I think there are exclusions other than the suppression of sexuality that have not been analyzed. There's the exclusion of the insane. There is, up to a certain point, the exclusion whereby we short-circuit those who are sick and reintegrate them in a sort of marginal circuit, the medical circuit. And there is the student: to a certain extent he is caught similarly inside a circuit which possesses a dual function. First, a function of exclusion. The student is put outside of society, on a campus. Furthermore, he is excluded while being transmitted a knowledge traditional in nature, obsolete, "academic" and not directly tied to the needs and problems of today. This exclusion is underscored by the organization, around the student, of social mechanisms which are fictitious, artificial and quasi-theatrical (hierarchic relationships, academic exercises, the "court" of examination, evaluation). Finally, the student is given a gamelike way of life; he is offered a kind of distraction,

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amusement, freedom which, again, has nothing to do with real life; it is this kind of artificial, theatrical society, a society of cardboard, that is being built around him; and thanks to this, young people from 18 to 25 are thus, as it were, neutralized by and for society, rendered safe, ineffective, socially and politically castrated. There is the first function of the university: to put students out of circulation. Its second function, however, is one of integration. Once a student has spent six or seven years of his life within this artificial society, he becomes "absorbable": society can consume him. Insidiously, he will have received the values of this society. He will have been given socially desirable models of behavior, types of ambition, outlines of political behavior, so that this ritual of exclusions will finally take on the value of inclusion and recuperation or reabsorption. In this sense, the university is no doubt little different from those systems in so-called primitive societies in which the young men are kept outside the village during their adolescence, undergoing rituals of initiation which separate them and sever all contact between them and real, active society. At the end of the specified time, they can be entirely recuperated or reabsorbed.

INT: Could you then study the university the way you studied hospitals? Hasn't the system of the university changed somewhat? For example, are there not in recent history, and for various reasons, exclusions that were initiated by the excluded themselves?

FOUCAULT: What I have just said is obviously only a very rough outline; it needs to be tightened up, for the mode of exclusion of students was certainly different in the nineteenth from that in the twentieth century. In the nineteenth century, higher education was only for the children of the bourgeoisie, or that fringe of the petite–bourgeoisie which the higher echelon needed for its industry, its scientific development, its technical skills, etc. Universities now have a greater number of students from poorer groups of the petite–bourgeoisie. Thus we have, inside the university, explosive conflicts between, on one hand, an upper-middle class with a growing need for technicians, engineers (in a general way, a greater and greater need of science and knowledge) and, on the other hand, a lower-middle class which finds itself politically and socially more and more proletarianized by the very development of this higher bourgeoisie, for its development depends upon technology and science, that is, upon those contributions to it that are made by students and scientists sought from the ranks of the lower-middle class. The end result is that the upper-middle class, in its universities, recruits and enrolls, in order to make them scientists or technicians, people

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already undergoing a proletarian conversion and who consequently arrive at the university bearing a revolutionary potential: the enemy is within the gates.

So the status of the university becomes problematical. The upper–middle class must see to it that universities remain environments of exclusion where students are cut off from their real milieu, that is, from one which is undergoing a proletarian change. Concomitantly, universities must increasingly provide rituals of inclusion inside a system of capitalistic norms. Thus we have the strengthening of the old traditional university, with its character of both theatricality and initiation. However, as soon as they enter the system, students understand that they are being played with, that someone is trying to turn them against their true origins and surroundings; there follows a political awareness, and the revolutionary explosion.

INT: Aesthetics aside, do you see in what's happening in the university a parallel with Peter Weiss's play, *Marat-Sade* — there also is a director–producer who sought to put on a play acted out by mental patients who try to turn the play against the spectators?

FOUCAULT: That's a very interesting reference. I believe that play tells what is happening now better than many theoretical essays. When Sade was an inmate at Charenton, he wanted to have plays acted by the inmates. In Sade's mind, his plays were to question his own confinement; in fact, what happened was that the inmates acting out his plays questioned not only the system of confinement, but the system of oppression, the values which Sade enforced upon them as he made them act out his plays. To a certain extent, Sade plays today's professor, the liberal professor who says to his students, "Well, why don't you just question all the bourgeois values they want to impose upon you," and the students, acting out this theater of academic liberalism, end up questioning the professor himself.

INT: This is just what I wanted to ask you about the relation between faculty and students: are not professors in a way themselves excluded? After all, professors and administrators live in the university community as well as students. Of course, one could say that administrators are only representatives of society, but in most cases, they are professors who have become administrators, and often temporarily. Are there differences between faculty and students?

FOUCAULT: I don't know the American university system well enough to give you even the beginning of an answer. In France, a professor is a public official and therefore is a part of the state apparatus. Whatever personal opinions he may hold, the professor, as a public official, maintains the system of transmission of knowledge required

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by the government, that is, by the bourgeois class whose interests are represented by the government. In the United States, it is probably different because of the open market for professors. I don't know whether the American academic is more threatened, more exploited, or more ready to accept the values imposed upon him. The position of professor is almost untenable at the present, as is perhaps that of the lower-middle class: are not professors the most striking manifestation of this class which, in the nineteenth century, at least in France, succeeded in having the upper-middle class delegate to it the right to exercise power? There existed what has been called a republic of professors, and the political framework of the 3rd Republic was borrowed directly from the teaching profession, or from professions of the same type, physicians, lawyers, etc. Now that the Republic is functioning in a quite different framework, the lower-middle class in France is losing all control of the state apparatus. Therein lies its sense of misfortune, and its simultaneous wavering between the temptation to join the students and their revolutionary struggle, and the temptation to regain power, to seduce once more that upper-middle class which no longer is willing to accept it except in a role as technician.

INT: Before coming to Buffalo, you were teaching at Vincennes, an avant-garde university, talked about by some as being in complete chaos, seeking to adapt itself to the process you just described. You were saying that the position of professor is becoming untenable — from this perspective, on coming from Vincennes to Buffalo, did you find yourself in a strange, exotic land?

FOUCAULT: When I arrived in Buffalo, I thought that I still was in Vincennes; in spite of relatively superficial differences in behavior, dress, gestures and speech, it seemed to me that the same struggle was being waged in France and the United States. However, I believe that, as far as tactics and political strategy are concerned, American students are in a much different position from their French counterparts. French students, in fact, have to deal with a large, organized working class which, through its unions and political organizations, clamors its allegiance to Marxism: French workers are perhaps ready to listen to students and understand their struggle, but at the same time, French students have to fight the conservative influence of the Communist Party and the C.G.T. The situation of American students appears very different: it seems to me that the working class in America relates less easily to the students' cause. It must be more difficult for an American student to militate together with workers. On the other hand, the advantage in America

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is that there are no great conservative forces like the Communist Party and the C.G.T. In prohibiting and prosecuting the Communist Party for so many years, I think that the American government rendered, in a sense, a sort of service to the revolutionary cause; it kept open the possibility of ties between the students and workers. Obviously, there is also in America a specific stress point, the racial problem that we have also in France, but on a much smaller scale (one must not forget that there is in France a rather sizable group of African, Algerian or black workers constituting a numerically important subproletariat).

INT: Has there been an intensified chauvinism in France in the last few years, an increased refusal of anything that comes from the outside? It's true that America is a melting pot: does it make a difference?

FOUCAULT: Well, it seems to me that, at least in intellectual circles, one does not encounter in America the unbearable chauvinism one finds in France. One must not forget that we are a small country caught between the two great models, the United States on the one hand and the Soviet Union on the other. We had to struggle for a long time against these two models. It was the Communist Party which suggested and imposed the Russian one, and the struggle against the Party's conservative influence brought about a somewhat systematic refusal of the Soviet model; on the other hand, a certain liberal bourgeoisie tied up with American interests never stopped putting forth the American model, against which it was also necessary to struggle. At that moment, I think, the mechanisms of chauvinism appeared inside the French Left. These are mechanisms that are not always conscious; they manifest themselves by a game of exclusion, of refusal and oversight. American literature, for instance, is very little read in France. One does not read American philosophy, history and criticism at all; American books are translated after an enormous delay. One must not allow the struggle against American economic influence and relations to affect relations with American intellectuals. We must have a selective nationalism. I believe that a small country such as France is necessarily bound to be somewhat nationalistic in its politics and economy if it wants to preserve some degree of independence; on the other hand, we must understand that a struggle which today is ideological but will become some day openly revolutionary is turning up in every corner of the world. Cultural chauvinism must be abandoned.

INT: This has been your first trip to America, your first teaching assignment in an American university. In relation to the cultural ex-

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change which you just spoke about, how will these two months affect you?

FOUCAULT: My problem is essentially the definition of the implicit systems in which we find ourselves prisoners; what I would like to grasp is the system of limits and exclusion which we practice without knowing it; I would like to make the cultural unconscious apparent. Therefore, the more I travel, the more I remove myself from my natural and habitual centers of gravity, the greater the chance of my grasping the foundations I am obliviously standing on. To that extent any trip — not of course in the sense of a sightseeing trip nor even a survey — any movement away from my original frame of reference, is fruitful. It is always good for me to change language and country. A simple example: in New York I was struck, as any foreigner would be, by the immediate contrast between the "good sections" and the poverty, even the misery, that surround them on the right and left, North and South. I well know that one finds that same contrast in Europe, and that you too, when in Europe, are certainly shocked by the great misery in the poor sections of Paris, Hamburg or London, it doesn't matter where. Having lived in Europe for years, I had lost a sense of this contrast and had ended up believing that there had been a general rise in the standard of living of the whole population; I wasn't far from imagining that the proletariat was becoming middle class, that there were really no more poor people, that the social struggle, the struggle between classes, consequently, was coming to an end. Well, seeing New York, perceiving again suddenly this vivid contrast that exists everywhere but which was blotted out of my eyes by familiar forms of it, that was for me a kind of second revelation; the class struggle still exists, it exists more intensely.

INT: I'd like to come back to teaching itself. You said before that the position of professor seemed untenable, and yet you are a skillful teacher. You succeed in commanding your public's attention for more than two straight hours—and a lot of attention is needed to follow your thought step by step—and this in spite of the fact that the lecture, as a mode of instruction, seems as obsolete as the position of professor in general. You also told me that what you abhor most is the person who—not content with his role as "tyrant"—is skillful enough to hide his despotism and paternalism. I see there a parallel between your political ideas, your criticism and your pedagogical point of view. You seek to unmask the system, the grid, in all these domains, whether political or pedagogical.

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Still, paradoxically, you want only a few students. Your ideas, if I may express myself this way, are little accessible—at least directly—to those many people who do not possess the necessary background to penetrate the density of your books. And you insist upon a certain procedure (and you are right in doing so), a method of imposing a viewpoint in a forceful and exclusive manner; you say: "I am going to impose this grid." How do you then answer the charge of elitism, a pedagogical concept based on the old master–disciple relationship, one in which your method must be accepted, where it must be *your* imposition of a system? You say that Man is dead, that all there is left is a mass of men; how can you reconcile a belief in this multiplicity while concentrating upon a single definition, I would not say of man, but of a system you seek to impose?

FOUCAULT: Yes, well, you are very kind to say that I was a good teacher, but I do not really believe it; I experience, like all my colleagues, I suppose, a feeling of uneasiness when faced with the problem of defining a teaching method. And I believe that you drew attention to the essential point: one must beware of what you in America call liberalism, and we in France, "reformism." Reformism, in the end, is the therapy for symptoms: erasing the consequences while showing to advantage the system one belongs to, even if it means concealing it. In France, the lecture system has been strongly criticized: the professor comes in, stays behind his desk for an hour, says what he has to say, there's no possibility for student discussion. The reformists preferred the seminar system because there freedom is respected: the professor no longer imposes his ideas and the student has the right to speak. Of course, but don't you think that a professor who takes charge of students at the beginning of the year, makes them work in small groups, invites them to enter his own work, shares with them his own problems and methods—don't you think that students coming out of this seminar will be even more twisted than if they had simply attended a series of lectures? Will they not tend to consider as acquired, natural, evident and absolutely true what is after all only the system, the code and the grid of the professor? Isn't there the risk that the professor feeds them with ideas much more insidiously? I don't wish to defend the lecture at all costs, but I wonder whether it does not indeed have a kind of crude honesty, provided it states what it is: not the proclamation of a truth, but the tentative result of some work which has its hypotheses, methods and which therefore can appeal for criticism and objections: the student is free

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to uncover its blunders. Of course, seminars and work groups are necessary, but more so, I believe, for training in methods than the exercise of freedom.

When I lecture somewhat dogmatically, I tell myself: I am paid to bring to the students a certain form and content of knowledge; I must fashion my lecture or my course a little as one might make a shoe, no more and no less. I design an object, I try to make it as well as possible. I make a lot of trouble for myself (not always, perhaps, but often), I bring this object to the desk, I show it and then I leave it up to the audience to do with it what they want. I consider myself more like an artisan doing a certain piece of work and offering it for consumption than a master making his slaves work.

I lectured once to a workers' union — it was the C.G.T. I was forced to be, as one says, "very simple"; but I soon noticed that the requested simplicity did not pertain to general ideas or elementary problems; it was in the direction of a vocabulary as devoid as possible of ambiguities; a certain precision in definitions, a certain exactness of reasoning. From there on, even an "uninitiated" public may perfectly well accept and comprehend "difficult" things; a certain technical concern seems to me to guarantee the seriousness and nonlyrical nature of the subject.

INT: And how do you view university governance, if, for example, you do not want to work, if you are forced to work or rather, if you want to work as an artisan, but are not permitted to do so?

FOUCAULT: If I prevent a student strike from following its course, or if I simply try to slow it down, I give at that moment my support to this upper-middle class which needs, for its economic development, knowledge, the university, the faculty and students; I thereby come to support the capitalistic system and its maintenance of power against the proletarian and revolutionary forces. When students are striking, I do not consider that they are preventing me from doing my work; I think that they are struggling for other conditions of intellectual work; and insofar as present working conditions seem to me unsatisfactory from all points of view (intellectual and social), I think that they are right, that their action allows me, in the long run, to do my work better, not that it prevents me from doing it now.

INT: While acting out the part of rebels, students are at the same time rather romantic in style; they often display rather set, sentimental manners, whether in dress or in behavior. This seems to me to make the individual alive again, this man which, to a certain extent, you wanted to kill. Nevertheless, I see that you take great pleasure in observing, gleefully laughing at, certain gestures and crazy get-ups. You are continually crossing right through a performance of *Marat–*

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Sade, as it were, seeking your grids and systems. How do you then reconcile your extremely rigorous and scientific method, an artisan's method, and your scholarly archaeology with this popular, stagy look of students?

FOUCAULT: It seems to me that what students are trying to do, in what may at first glance appear merely folkloric, and what I myself am trying to accomplish in the dust of my books is basically the same thing. Only students do it with fancy and humor whereas I do it somewhat like a mouse gnawing on a piece of cheese. What I am trying to do is grasp the implicit systems which determine our most familiar behavior without our knowing it. I am trying to find their origin, to show their formation, the constraint they impose upon us; I am therefore trying to place myself at a distance from them and to show how one could escape. But what are students doing when they address a professor in the familiar idiom, or when they come in dressed as hoboes, or when they kiss in classrooms or whatever? What are they doing if not deriding by parody a certain number of elements that are part of the system of our bourgeois life and that we accept as if they came naturally, as if they were part of human nature? If it is "shocking" to kiss in a classroom, it is because our whole educational system implies the desexualization of youth. And by what right does our society ask students to wear bourgeois clothes if not because education is supposed to transmit the modes of behavior of bourgeois society?

One of the biggest disappointments we had involving the Communist Party and the Soviet Union is that they readopted almost entirely the bourgeois value system. One gets the impression that communism in its traditional form suffers from a birth trauma: you would think that it wants to recapture for itself the world at the time it was born, the world of a triumphant bourgeoisie; communist aesthetics is realism in the style of the nineteenth century: Swan Lake, painting which tells a story, the social novel. Most of the bourgeois values are accepted and maintained by the Communist Party (in art, the family, sexuality, and daily life in general). We must free ourselves from this cultural conservatism, as well as from political conservatism. We must uncover our rituals for what they are: completely arbitrary things, tied to our bourgeois way of life; it is good—and that is the real theater—to transcend them in the manner of play, by means of games and irony; it is good to be dirty and bearded, to have long hair, to look like a girl when one is a boy (and vice versa); one must put "in play," show up, transform and reverse the systems which quietly order us about. As far as I am concerned, that is what I try to do in my work.

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Stephen Spender

LONDON LETTER

For twenty years England has been undergoing "the liquidation of the British Empire." It would be wrong though to think that people living through this period of their history have been excessively weighed down by the consciousness of disasters leading to overwhelming and final calamity. Rather, they have experienced a sensation like that of being in a vehicle moving forward amid lines of traffic which are also moving forward, but at a distinctly faster rate. From time to time, it is true, milestones are passed which do seem to mark up rather decisive losses: for instance, the devaluation of the pound, or the fiasco of Suez. But on the whole the predominating sensation has been that of surviving and just about carrying on.

In the absence of outward signs of disaster, like those that were so evident in the thirties, there is a general sense of unreality. Whereas every government since the war has impressed on us, the English, how badly, in relation to other countries, we were doing, nothing has happened which seems to make actual those dire symptoms of which we are constantly reminded, such as Trade figures cited every quarter which, until about a year ago, always depicted us in the Red. The feeling that such figures could be ignored seemed justified when the Labour Government, at the end of its term of office, announced that there had been an error in the method of presenting the figures, and that over a number of years when we were supposed to have been living beyond our means, in fact we had been in the Black. That no one took the figures seriously was shown, I think, by the fact that when this correction was made there were no audible sighs of relief; still less of indignation at ministers who had been reproaching us for so long for not making our way in the world market. The correction received remarkably little comment.

At present English exports seem to be prospering. In fact some

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months ago there were whispers of an "English economical miracle." However, as against this, to damp our optimism, there is severe inflation, and there are also strikes and unemployment. Inflation; strikes; unemployment: put these together and they are like a race, in which the workers are running to make wages keep up with and indeed overtake the rise in the cost of living, whereas unemployment threatens to run in the opposite direction, cheapening labor and lowering wages. At the same time the pressure of the Trades Unions to raise wages up to 15 percent, 20 percent and even 30 percent, and the endeavor of the government to hold rises back to 9 percent or 10 percent (in which it is by no means successful) have to be measured against official statistics (like those about the Trade Balance) which warn us that the Rate of Growth in England is 2 percent (or is it 3 percent?), which appears to be much worse than that of other countries who are our competitors. The rotten state of English industrial relations and the bloody-mindedness of the workers was emphasized for us recently by Mr. Henry Ford, visiting England, who made noises to the effect that he might remove his factories from England if the workers continued to strike so often and to be so unreasonable. The bankruptcy of Rolls Royce and the failure of the government to subsidize it so that it might produce engines which had been contracted for by Boeing and the remarks made by an American representative, who visited England and tried to untangle this situation, raised the targets of American abuse for English irresponsibility to Mr. Heath's own government.

If the above is a confused account of the English economic situation it is meant to be. I have put it down in order to produce the impression of how it feels today to live and work in England. It is one of living amid confusion which at present has produced few results which are as bad as they ought to be; though there is always the feeling — as with the American cities — that one day the long expected worst may happen.

In addition to the confusion of statistics, there is also the confusion of remedies which remain more or less impalpables. For example, the remedy for the chaos resulting from many conflicting wage claims is obviously to have some sort of wages policy. This means, however, either persuading the Unions themselves to put forward such a policy, or — unless there is to be a socialist revolution in the name of a more or less egalitarian society — imposing restraints on the Unions. Barbara Castle attempted to discipline the Unions during the last year of the Labour Government, but abandoned the attempt. The conservatives have now passed their Industrial Relations Bill which no one supposes will work, since it will be sabotaged by the Unions. This illustrates one

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of the characteristics of the present state of England: a kind of built-in ineffectiveness with regard to the remedies recommended by government; combined with the hope that perhaps, after all, the situation, like the Balance of Trade, will cure itself.

Chief of the remedies which remain impalpable is Mr. Edward Heath himself. The question to which his rather breezy, solidly fleshy and persistently smiling, but slightly embarrassed and embarrassing exterior gives rise is — does he have as firm a hold on reality as he has, presumably, on the tiller of his yacht at which he is always being photographed — or is he the incarnation of Bluff? His style of government — frequently asserted — is Dogged Determination and Unsentimental Toughness in dealing with national problems. An end to kindness that kills! If firms, through humanitarianism, meaning inefficiency, go bankrupt, this government will not bail them out. Let no private industry give way, under duress of strikes official or unofficial, to the workers' wage claims, and then, when it runs into difficulties, look to the government for subsidies. Rolls Royce is to industrial England what the Lion and the Unicorn were once to the British monarchy — if the whole lot of them, Rolls and Royce and Lion and Unicorn, manage their affairs so badly as to go bankrupt, let them do so. Cut back the social services, and lower income tax for those who combine initiative with efficiency.

Heathism is not entirely unwelcome as a change of style and rhetoric from the blandishments and cajolings of Mr. Harold Wilson, wreathed in smiles and gray curls of hair and little puffs of smoke from the pipe inseparable from his curling mouth: and telling us — to take a notorious example — that the devaluation (by nearly a third) of the pound (due to circumstances quite beyond the control of his government) did not at all mean that the pound in our pocket (if we happened to have such) was worth a penny less. In fact the questions put most often about Mr. Heath are firstly, whether he really means what he says (whether he is a real strong man or a weak man pretending to be strong) and secondly, whether, in any event, and supposing that he is strong, he can really change the situation. From time to time, Mr. Heath, or Mr. Barber or some other of his ministers says that the measures they are introducing are beginning to "work"; but there are as few signs of their doing so as of President Nixon's ending the war in Southeast Asia. Perhaps they will work, perhaps Mr. Nixon will pull out of Southeast Asia.

Most impalpable of all the remedies held carrotlike in front of the nose of the British Public is that of joining the Common Market. Here there is uncertainty as to who wants to join it, and under what cir-

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cumstances and whether the French (who seem to run that particular club) will allow England to join anyway. Mr. Heath seems to want to join — but perhaps under conditions which would make the Labour Party oppose joining. Roy Jenkins probably wants to join as much as Mr. Heath does. And there are conservatives, as also labourites, who do not want to join at any price. Apart from all this, there is very little idea as to what the consequences of joining would be: probably a rise in food prices and an upsetting of agriculture, but perhaps in the long run the participation of England in greater European prosperity. Finally, no one seems to have a clear idea of the consequences of England's not joining. In the circumstances, the apathetic, almost passive attitude of the British public to this historic issue seems understandable. "Intellectuals" like myself, of course, are in favor of joining the Common Market, but that is because at heart we have always been continentals.

I do not wish to draw a parallel between the situation of Americans and that of the English. The Americans are involved in policies which act like a conscience in the lives of a great many of them. The British may reproach themselves for being lazy and irresponsible, but they do not have to go through the agonies of a people at the center of world power conflicts. Politically speaking, the atmosphere of the country is that of a prep school, and Mr. Harold Wilson and Mr. Edward Heath are obviously examples of headmaster — the progressive but insidious as against the tough and breezy who leaves the children wondering whether his bark is worse than his bite. However, there is one respect in which the English and the American situations seem, at the present time, similar. We seem, Americans and English, to be living through a period of suspense in which today's issues seem on the point of disappearing and becoming yesterday's, while tomorrow's (which may well be the catastrophe we have been waiting for all along) have not as yet assumed forms in which it is possible for the politically-minded nonpolitical to take up their characteristically moralistic attitudes toward them. Watching on television the crowds at the latest Washington protest against The War, I wondered whether one reason for the comparative silence and lack of shouting might not be that the shouters felt apprehensive that the cause of their protest might be suddenly whipped away from under them, at the moment when they raised their voices. There is a feeling at the present moment of Musical Chairs. The music goes on playing but at any moment it might stop and leave one in the awkward position of not having a chair on which to sit down.

But of course in America the pressure of an immense public action

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which involves every sentient private person in moral responsibility is still on, and will remain so as long as America remains a Great Power. The reason for suspense is that it seems to be undergoing a change of form. The Ugly American, whose face was so vociferous in the act of President Johnson, has been diluted in President Nixon with the Quiet American. This means that to the extent that they are personal beings, Americans go on being tormented by their public conscience. The relief of being English is that the personal life can, to a far greater extent, take over. The life of hippies, of beautiful, With-It people, which in America, however personal, seems, in a negative way, political (as rejection of the public acts of American World Power), in England is scarcely affected by the outer political society which has so little echo and such diminished responsibility in the world. (At the time of writing this I have been a month in America and the only reference to England of more than a paragraph in length — apart from something about the English budget — which I have seen in the American press has been a totally irrelevant "filler" in *The New York Times* about birds which visit England because it is warmed by the Gulf Stream.) Relations between the young in England are based on a style which abolishes class distinctions (though not altogether those of money) and are almost exclusively personal.

Recently I went to a party in London, at which most of the guests were young, which seemed to illustrate these contemporary English qualities. Most of the male guests had long hair and wore embroidered shirts, brightly colored pants, chains and a certain minimal quantity of leather. They talked in accents in which the working-class or cockney dialect has undergone some kind of change which turns it into something as delightful and gentle as bird song. I sat next to one young man who was wearing a Gay Liberation badge. He explained to me that the Gay Lib movement was going to send representatives to a demonstration protesting against the government's Industrial Relations Bill, but they did not intend to make themselves too prominent (on a previous occasion they had, on T.V. screens, rather stolen the show). He himself, he said, might, at his discretion, conceal his Gay Lib badge behind the lapel of his jacket. After this I spoke with a quiet, assured, unassuming and candid young man called Richard Neville, who edits a magazine called *Oz*. He explained to me, without melodrama, that he might be in trouble because he had handed the editing of one number of *Oz* over to a bunch of school children, to produce their own number. They had managed to produce one which even by today's standards seemed permissive. He showed me a copy. The illustrations showed that the issue seemed dedicated to interpreting the

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concept conveyed by the word "screwing" rather literally. Mr. Neville then told me about a new magazine which he was planning — a weekly to be called *Ink*. I was amazed at his grasp of the processes — of lay-out, printing and reproduction in various technical media — of producing a pop-style magazine and his clear sense that it could be edited by a group of people without there being an "official" top editor. He told me that he had raised money by appealing to the kind of people who belong to this pop world of the young — prominent among whom is, of course, John Lennon. He said the politics of the magazine would not be laid down and ideological, but he supposed they would be "spontaneously of the left."

There is in fact a whole world of the English young, stylish, speaking a *lingua franca* of mutual tolerance and sympathy, a bit exhibitionist in clothes and appearance, but at the same time unassuming in conversation, not pompous, not public, though with resources, including financial ones, which they seem to be able to draw on almost casually and which enable them to put on any scene — an art show, a magazine, a film — they choose. This world merges into the theater, television, design and fashion. Among its most personable members are Ossie Clark and Michael Fish, top fashion makers. Art galleries available to it are the ICA facing St. James' Park and Kasmin in Bond Street. The extremely gifted artist David Hockney exactly realizes its assurance, professional grasp of technique and combination of unerring style with wit and humor.

The question of style seems crucial. It is not a grand style like the baroque, nor even like the Goyaesque, which still has aristocratic connections, of Francis Bacon. Its connections are really, I think, Dickensian: not so much with Dickens's style, but with Dickensian characters, especially working-class ones, so excellently illustrated by the novelist's contemporaries Fiz and George Cruikshank. It is as though these characters, repressed during the industrial era, had come forward and taken the forefront of an English scene for which they provided their own clothes, manners, sets and decor.

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DOCUMENTS

ON READING TOLSTOY

An Essay on the Centenary of the First Edition of War and Peace

> At the bookshop of Ivan Grigorievich Solovyov, Strastny Boulevard, in the house of Mr. Alexeyev, there is now on sale the newly printed Volume VI of "War and Peace," the work of Count L. N. Tolstoy. Published at Moscow, 1869. Price: 2 roubles; with postage: 2 roubles 30 kopecks.—*The Moscow News,* Thursday, 4 December 1869.

The thought that everything has already been said about *War and Peace* is enough to deter anyone. I suppose the only possible way out of this dilemma is therefore not to strain after originality but simply to share with the reader the thoughts and feelings which arise in the mind of someone of my generation who first read *War and Peace* as a young man and reads it again in his sixth decade.

Between these two readings there have been others at various stages, some when I was still young, some when not so young. To me the chief event of those years was the war, known to the rest of the world as World War II and to us Russians as the War for the Fatherland: a repetition of the name given to the War of 1812 about which Tolstoy wrote.

Calling it the War for the Fatherland means that in the mind of our people this was one of those wars concerned not merely with the real or imaginary interests of the state, but with our very existence — with the safety or destruction of our homeland. It never occurred to anyone in Russia to link the word "fatherland" with those other European wars of the early nineteenth century in which Russian forces took part, such as Suvorov's Italian or Alpine campaigns or the campaigns of 1805–1807. But the War of 1812, which constitutes the heart of *War and Peace,* was called "The War for the Fatherland," and when a hundred and thirty years later a time came in the history of Russia to revive the expression "war for the fatherland," for us the novel *War and Peace* achieved a kind of rebirth. Although a timeless work of genius, *War and Peace* never meant so much for the Russian reader as it did during those tragic and heroic years of the second War for the

EDITORS' NOTE: *On Reading Tolstoy* is translated from the Russian by Michael Glenny.

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Fatherland. The novel had not changed, but it was as though history itself had taken hold of the book and altered it from a novel about the past to one that looked forward into our time.

That is why for my generation, which saw the Germans at the gates of Moscow and at the walls of Stalingrad, reading *War and Peace* at that period of our lives became a shattering, never-to-be-forgotten experience, one which was not only aesthetic but moral. It was a book which answered the most direct and pressing questions of the day—what was true bravery, what was cowardice? Who were the people who really counted in war and who were the shams? And finally the great question: should we be able to defeat the enemy who broke through first to Moscow and then to the Volga? Yes or no? Despite all its internal complexity and its lack of ready-made recipes for human behavior, it was *War and Peace* that in the war years became *the* book which in the most direct way fortified the spirit of resistance which gripped the country in the face of an alien, fascist invasion. I would add that the novel *War and Peace* itself was an almost tangible element of that spirit, at least it was for many of us, myself included.

However, to link this book mentally with nothing but one's own recollections about the war would be to diminish its role and the scope of its influence on the whole of one's moral development.

What was Tolstoy when he began writing *War and Peace?* Our awareness of him is still heavily overshadowed by Tolstoy in his later years, by the image of him as a wise old man with a long gray beard, standing calmly with his crabbed old hands thrust into the belt of his peasant shirt, by his religious sermons, by Tolstoyism; nonresistance to evil. . . . One must in fact make a certain mental effort in order to prevent that deceptively peaceful image of Tolstoy as an old man from imposing itself, by the law of retroactive inertia, onto the real image of the thirty-year-old Tolstoy who conceived and began writing his great novel, the Tolstoy who rolled up his sleeves to grapple in single combat with the gigantic, hydra-headed concept of *War and Peace,* the Tolstoy who sat down for tens of thousands of hours to write all those drafts and fair copies, all those rejected, altered and completely rewritten variants. The Tolstoy of those years was still young, no graybeard, strong, cunning, capable of challenging someone to a duel in the heat of the moment. He had left the army not long before, and the influence of the service was still alive in many of his habits and memories. He began *War and Peace* when he was not long past thirty and finished it when he was almost forty. During the writing of the novel his children were born, and around his estates, following the emancipation of the serfs, the whole patriarchal structure of Russian peasant life was starting to be transformed at an ever increasing pace. Early on in the writ-

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ing of *War and Peace* there flared up in Poland the war of liberation which was mercilessly suppressed by the czar's government. He had not yet finished his novel when Karakozov first fired a shot at the czar. The sixties of the last century, it might seem, was no time to be writing historical novels, and indeed certain critics were later to reproach Tolstoy for his remoteness from the live issues of the day.

Yet was he remote? I confess I have always been worried by a particular question: why did Tolstoy, who had served nearly five years in the army, who had taken part in many of what were known in those days as "incidents" in the Caucasus, who had seen action on the Danube and during the Crimean War in besieged Sebastopol — in short had served throughout the whole of a war which was of considerable significance for the fate of Russia, a war marked by both shameful defeats and heroic deeds — why did he write nothing else about that war besides the *Tales of Sebastopol?* I know that there are plenty of explanations for this; nevertheless I am still intrigued by Tolstoy's state of mind when, not many years after Sebastopol, he sat down and wrote a novel *not* about the war that he had just lived through, but about another one, as though bypassing his personal experience he turned his gaze back five decades in time to a past world and to a war which had taken place well before he was born.

Whatever it was that induced him to make that choice, one thing is clear to me: it was an immensely difficult decision for a man who had just lived through a war. For a writer to have experienced what Tolstoy went through in the Crimean War without converting it into literary expression was impossible. To me at least it is obvious that Tolstoy could not have written *Anna Karenina* first and *War and Peace* afterward. It would have done too much violence to his nature. One may also wonder whether confining himself to the *Tales of Sebastopol* and putting a sort of private ban on any further direct literary use of his own wartime experience was not also in a sense doing violence to himself.

I somehow feel that he did do a certain violence to himself. I believe that in the experience which Tolstoy gained from the Crimean War there was an element which he both could not and would not express directly in a novel. Living as he did among the men who had been the leading political and military figures of Nicholas I's reign, most of whom managed in one way or another to survive into the reign of the next czar, I think Tolstoy felt unable to write a novel about the Crimean War, quoting the dates of battles and identifying the men who had been responsible for Russia's defeat. To name names and to say exactly what he thought of them was out of the question. There was also something else about the Crimean War which made it morally impossible for Tolstoy to write a novel about it. Taken as a

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whole, that war, ending as it did in a highly unfavorable peace settlement for Russia, was a military and political disaster. And I feel that Tolstoy, with his passionate nature, his patriotism, his aristocratic and military upbringing and his profound sensitivity to national humiliation, did not want to take a war that had brought such shame on Russia as the subject matter of a novel. And to abstract from that war only its heroic element, rejecting all the rest, to select from the total course of events *only* the heroism of the defenders of Sebastopol and to concentrate attention on that alone would have meant covering up the sins of those who had no part in the heroism of Sebastopol but were responsible for its fall.

Nevertheless, the experience of that war had a lasting effect on Tolstoy. Whatever may have been the original idea which gave birth to *War and Peace* — a subject on which whole books have been written — the outcome was a novel whose heart was the War of 1812 and whose heart of hearts was Borodino. But what about Natasha, Pierre, Prince Andrei? Are not they the heart of *War and Peace?* Of course they are — who would dare to contend otherwise? Pierre, Natasha, Prince Andrei, the whole Rostov family, the old prince, Princess Mary, Hélène, Dolokhov, Denisov — all of them are the essence of *War and Peace,* without which it would not live on in the grateful consciousness of all mankind. Yet if none of these characters existed in the novel there would still remain the question of how and why Tolstoy projected his own experience of war backward in time to the Napoleonic wars.

There is no need to point out in detail to what degree Tolstoy's own military experience formed the basis of much, if not most, of his descriptions of warfare in *War and Peace.* To discover this one only has to put the novel alongside the *Tales of Sebastopol.* Here is the source of such characters as Timokhin and Tushin and of the emotions experienced in war by Nikolai Rostov, by Pierre and by Prince Andrei; it is also the source of his knowledge of how men die, and how the legs of a man killed by a blow on the head continue to twitch after he is dead, knowledge which Tolstoy was to use again describing the death of Petya Rostov. Hence, too, his knowledge of military hospitals and field dressing stations, of how arms and legs are amputated, of what kinds of wounds are lethal, of the smell of wounded men and the smell of death. This too he needed later — both when writing of Natasha nursing the dying Prince Andrei, and when he made the Prince himself suddenly think before the battle: "They'll drag me away by my legs and my head and fling me into a pit, so that I don't stink." All this Tolstoy knew from Sebastopol. But from his service in the Crimea, the Balkans and the Caucasus there was much more that he knew and of which he made very little use in the *Tales of Sebastopol.*

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Writers on Tolstoy often stress that he was an artillery officer on the bastions of Sebastopol. This is so. And that if he had not served under fire at Sebastopol he would not have been able to re-create the spirit of Borodino. True. But there was another part of his military career — he also saw a considerable amount of service as a staff officer at headquarters. He was an aristocrat and what is more he was a relative of General Gorchakov, the commander in chief. With the merciless self-analysis so characteristic of Tolstoy, he utilized even his own privileged position as material for many of the most mordant passages of *War and Peace,* where he describes what he regarded as the insulated, artificial life at headquarters where people like Boris Drubetskoy flourished, and where men like Andrei Bolkonsky gradually became aware of the falsity of their position. In saying that Tolstoy did not only serve on the bastions of Sebastopol, I mean to stress that the extent of his military knowledge gave him insight not only into what produces a victory like Borodino, but also into the root causes of a defeat such as Austerlitz. It was the use he made of both kinds of knowledge that gives such depth to his writing.

We should not forget that at the end of the sixties of the last century the six parts of *War and Peace* had only just been published and that Tolstoy was the subject of passionate argument. The critics' views of him varied enormously, and they included some merciless abuse. They wrote that the author was unable to distinguish between what was great and what was trivial and that he wrote with equal gusto about girls' dresses, about hunting and about the sufferings of the Russian soldier. They wrote that when one critic said of *War and Peace,* "at last the great work is finished . . .," he was obviously joking! They wrote that the significance of *War and Peace* had been "blown up out of all measure and [that the novel was] voguishly overpraised by frivolous critics and by the mass of the gullible reading public." They wrote that it was not a novel at all. In short, in trying to come to terms with the sudden appearance of this huge, incomparable work, they felt themselves lost.

But the impression that it made was overwhelming. In particular the novel made an enormous impact on Russian military men of the time. Naturally they cursed Tolstoy for his fatalism, for his underestimation of the role of the individual in history as a whole and of the military commander in particular. They abused him for his disrespect for military theory and military science, military planning and tactics. They were angry at Tolstoy's estimation of Napoleon, quarreled with his assessment of Kutuzov and with his theory of partisan warfare, they corrected his errors, real and imagined. But despite all this the majority of his military critics admitted that the book had made a tre-

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mendous impression on them. The first edition of *War and Peace* came out at a time when the more progressive among Russian officers were seeking army reforms which would secure Russia against a repetition of the harsh lessons of the Crimean War. It is not surprising that the more intelligent of the novel's military critics made a very close analysis of the lessons on warfare which Tolstoy gave them.

One of the most intelligent soldiers in Russia at that time, General Dragomirov, devoted virtually a complete book to an analysis of *War and Peace* from a military standpoint. In this work, in which Dragomirov largely disagreed with Tolstoy's theoretical premises, he nevertheless wrote: "All this is fiction, yet the people in it are alive. They suffer, die, act, lie, do great deeds and indulge in base cowardice exactly as real people do, and that is why they are so highly instructive. Therefore I have only regret for any military officer who does not take Count Tolstoy's book to heart. . . ." While contesting Tolstoy's military theories, Dragomirov nevertheless considered that Tolstoy had described actual warfare with unsurpassed truth and accuracy, and he made a direct appeal to all his brother officers to draw from Tolstoy's writing the moral conclusions appropriate to their own professional conduct.

Dragomirov's remarks strike me as being far from naïve. On the contrary, I believe they stem directly from a feature of Tolstoy's novel of which Dragomirov was acutely aware. Tolstoy wrote when still fresh from the Crimean War. As he wrote he called to mind everything that he detested about the army and society which had led to the errors and disasters of that war. And I believe that in *War and Peace* one of the things which he meant to put across to his readers was the lesson to be learned from comparing the War of 1812 with the Crimean War.

The Tolstoy of the years when he wrote *War and Peace* was profoundly, indeed at that time quite particularly, concerned with the historic fate of Russia. The fact that his views on this were very different from those of the rulers of Russia is another matter. In his reflections in *War and Peace* on the War of 1812 and the events which followed it, Tolstoy distinguished quite unambiguously between what he regarded as a just war that corresponded to the true national interest and the war which in his view exceeded those legitimate bounds. He analyzed the motives which induced Czar Alexander I to prolong the war after the expulsion of Napoleon from Russia, as a result of which Russian forces, no longer led by Kutuzov but by Alexander himself, fought in Europe for a further eighteen months and marched into Paris. But in describing these motives and considering them quite logical for the czar and the politicians of the czar's entourage, Tolstoy himself did not agree with them for a moment; and he said so in plain terms in the last part of the novel, when he bids farewell to Kutuzov.

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These pages of *War and Peace* are both a requiem for Kutuzov and a direct statement of Tolstoy's own views on the point at which, in his opinion, the "people's war" of 1812 came to an end and that other war began for which he had no sympathy and which he did not propose to describe. In the passage about that morning at Vilno when all the officers gathered at Alexander's headquarters realized from what the czar was telling them that "the war was not over," Tolstoy wrote of Kutuzov: "Kutuzov alone refused to understand this and gave his frank opinion that a new war would not improve Russia's position nor add to her glory, but could only make her position worse and lessen the pinnacle of renown on which, in his view, Russia now stood." Later, contrasting Kutuzov with Alexander, Tolstoy added: "Kutuzov did not understand the meaning of such concepts as Europe, the balance of power, Napoleon. He could not grasp them. For the representative of the Russian people, once the enemy had been destroyed, Russia liberated and covered in glory, there was no more for a Russian, as such, to do. There was nothing left for the man who personified the people's war but to die. And he died." Thus Tolstoy closes the theme of Kutuzov and with it the theme of the "people's war." The novel ends some twenty pages later with the meeting between Pierre and Natasha. Tolstoy has said all he had to say about the war. He finished the book at precisely the point where a war whose necessity he had believed in started to become a war whose necessity he denied.

Alongside this theme of conflict between *raison d'état* and true national interest, in *War and Peace* Tolstoy is also deeply concerned with the problem of the role of the individual in history, the problem of power and its real or imaginary limitations. Reading *War and Peace* now, we should remember that when it was written Europe was monarchical, of varying degrees of absolutism, and that Tolstoy's often bitter strictures against kings and emperors were intended to apply not only to the Napoleonic era but to the Russia and Europe of the sixties. This partly explains, in my view, the special place occupied in *War and Peace* by Napoleon.

It is of course hardly necessary to explain away the sheer amount of space devoted to Napoleon in a novel written about the Napoleonic wars; but that unique fury, that outwardly cold yet passionate sarcasm with which in *War and Peace* Tolstoy not so much wrote about as arraigned Napoleon, is highly significant. Tolstoy strives to prove that Napoleon was simply a plaything in the hands of history, and what is more, an evil and dangerous plaything. On this score critics, historians and military theorists from every country have engaged Tolstoy in savage altercation, and even in Russia there has been no lack of defenders of Napoleon against Tolstoy — principally on the grounds that

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Napoleon was not a plaything of history but a major figure and a great military commander. Tolstoy's opponents had plenty of arguments on their side. Despite the fascinating power of Tolstoy's mind, it is nevertheless impossible to go all the way with him in his assessment of Napoleon as a historic personality. To me, for instance, even after reading *War and Peace* Napoleon is still a great general, although Tolstoy's withering analysis, his relentlessly methodical unmasking of Napoleon's actions, delight me by their sheer virtuosity every time I reread the novel. In reading it, I don't think about how fair or unfair Tolstoy was to Napoleon, but about something else — the reason for that passionate fury with which Tolstoy lashed out at Napoleon. I believe that the cause of this fury was Tolstoy's determination to refute at all costs the dominant views of his time on the role of the personality in history, on the problem of power in general and of absolute power in particular; since the novel dealt with the Napoleonic era, all such arguments inevitably converged on the figure of Napoleon.

So Tolstoy chose this personage as his target. To demolish Napoleon in those vulnerable moral aspects he felt to be inadequate he was not deterred from tackling the hardest task of all, the attempt to challenge precisely what until then had been regarded as indisputable— Napoleon's military genius. In general, whenever Tolstoy wanted to prove something, he was not afraid of proving it by citing the unlikeliest of examples. When, for instance, he came to the conclusion that art was a lie and a factitious deception which distracted mankind from truth and goodness, he had no hesitation in lashing out not only at Shakespeare but at himself. Art itself suffered no harm from his attacks, but the search for truth and goodness in art was given a new impulse. And when Tolstoy decided to prove that great men in general and great military commanders in particular did not exist, that they were not only thought up by other people but worse, were thought up to the great detriment of the true interests of mankind, he did not shrink from the necessity of taking Napoleon as an example to prove it. The result is not that Napoleon has ceased to remain in our consciousness as a military leader, but that by consistently hammering away at Napoleon from so many aspects, Tolstoy has mounted such a devastating attack on the very idea of absolute power and on the immorality of the supposed superiority of one man over all other men, on reading these savage pages of *War and Peace* a century later one can still feel the whole might, the moral sublimity and the incredible perspicacity of the writer.

There is still too much to say, so I shall stop and add only one thing more.

In striving for a higher justice, Tolstoy was on occasion unjust and

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prejudiced. He loved some things and could not abide others. *War and Peace* is full of his prejudices and enthusiasms; it is a book written not by a wise old man, but by a man of ungovernable passions, and it resounds with the echoes of these passions. Tolstoy loved Pierre not only for his goodness, but also for his outbursts of unbridled righteous anger, which he always described in the novel with such pleasure, as though at last able to give free rein not only to Pierre but to himself. With equal prejudice, at times even at odds with himself in the matter, he loved or hated others of his heroes. And it seems to me that not to understand this is to fail to understand Tolstoy. There are also people who do not read the massive philosophical digressions with which Tolstoy interrupts the narrative of *War and Peace* and which form, in essence, a second book within the novel. It is a matter of taste. But to me, without these digressions, shattering in their polemic fury, it is not *War and Peace*. Or more precisely it is *War and Peace* without one of its chief heroes: Tolstoy himself of the sixties — that good, angry, passionate, vital man, actively and painfully obsessed by the question whose answer he sought for himself, for Russian society, for the world at large — how are we to live?

Konstantin Simonov

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BOOKS

OTHER TIMES, OTHER VOICES

BABY BREAKDOWN. By Anne Waldman. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00.

AT TERROR STREET AND AGONY WAY. By Charles Bukowski. Black Sparrow. $4.00.

THE NAOMI POEMS: CORPSE AND BEANS. By Saint Geraud. Big Table. $4.95 hard cover, $2.95 paper.

A PROBABLE VOLUME OF DREAMS. By Marvin Bell. Atheneum. $2.45.

THE DANCERS INHERIT THE PARTY. By Ian Hamilton Finlay. Horizon. $3.95.

William Carlos Williams feared that the publication of *The Waste Land,* in 1922, would set American poetry back fifty years. Thirty–five years would have been a better estimate. By the mid-fifties, poetic aristocracy and the high church of ironic disillusion were already giving way — heat waves under the glacier — to populism and dissent. And after the great freeze, a great thaw. No young poet today feels obliged to write "academic poetry," or "anti-academic poetry" either. We have, instead, exuberant multiplicity. Ice, melting, irrigates the lowlands. A hundred flowers bloom.

You may be prejudiced against Anne Waldman and *Baby Breakdown,* as I was. Anne is lovely. Ted Berrigan says on the flap, "I love her." Her poems at first glance do look lovely too, like a nice rich girl (playing perhaps poor) of natural grace, ease, impeccable charm, many friends, many pleasures, the nicest pains, no braincells. Here we are, grooving on the action in the New York scene. We are very in-groupy (the group consists essentially of the happy few associated with the St. Mark's Poetry Project). We are digging the moment. "Hi everyone!" begins the first poem. Looks like a sticky trip.

So what? So forget it. *Baby Breakdown* is a simple joy, Waldman

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one of a mere handful of writers who can fill the prescriptions of projective verse — "one perception must immediately and directly lead to a further perception" and "keep it moving as fast as you can, citizen" — without which, work in open forms has little point. Aside from this matter of the technique, the poems dance on the page, alive and healthy despite titles like "How the Sestina (Yawn) Works," "Scary Things," "Sexy Things," "Dopey Brains Awake," because Waldman is, rather miraculously, not ashamed of being alive and healthy herself. No dwelling on neurosis here, no *angst,* no tooth and claw. One is reminded of Cummings's similar effervescence — less pure cleverness in Waldman, but more pure glee. She writes about herself. When her mood is good, she gets it fresh. When bad, she kids herself out of it. If the world of contemporary history ("how tired I am of revolution/ the way it's presented on television/ isn't exactly poetry") looks sick, sad, dangerous, she prepares to fight it with solidarity, energy and that noblest of weapons, a sense of humor: "get election returns horrors/ ACK! no no no no" and

I really don't feel like doing anything today
but I'm going to anyway & you know why?
Because all this aside, Mr. President
I really like getting up & doing things

The politics of joy has become a catchphrase for us; still, Waldman's honest disengagements seem more valuable than any quantity of protest poems. She is out to change the world, in her way, and if it's not necessarily ready to be changed, ah well; I quote the whole of "Poem":

One out of every four Americans
Will not read this poem

One out of every four Americans
won't recommend it either
So goodbye

Waldman likes living, making love, smoking dope, sleeping late, disliking war, thinking about the universe big and small. She likes herself. She likes her typewriter. She likes making poems. And why not? The radiance and spontaneity of personality here is also, simultaneously (or identically) energy of language. She has a perfect ear for immediate idiom, how to make it talk, jump around, sing, holler, smile. The backdrop of loving generational siblings seems real and attractive, if fragile. Instant by instant vitality of response, each nuance finding its proper rhythmic shape, opposes its humanity to the hopelessness of machinery, abstraction and death.

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In a way, Charles Bukowski is a male counterpart of Waldman, but an old-timer at the resistance game. In his fourteenth book, Bukowski remains the Bad Boy. His style is loose and humorously tough-guy. His themes are, for example, boxing, beer-drinking (generation tells, see — his thing is alcohol, not dope), horse racing. He is a good old-fashioned likeable male chauvinist, meaning that the women in his work are an anonymous "x-wife" and several other props to use and/or put down, a dirty business at best:

> *it's unfortunate, and simply not the style, but I don't care: girls remind me of hair in the sink, girls remind me of intestines and bladders and excretory movements;*

but that the real world is a world of men and meditation, yearning for the companionship of the not impossible he:

> *a living man, truly alive,*
> *say when he brings his hands down*
> *from lighting a cigarette*
> *you see his eyes*
> *like the eyes of a tiger staring past*
> *into the wind.*

Inevitably, Bukowski's world has been a world of loners, taking punches. Bukowski takes them well. He writes wryly, spryly, about failure, to a smell of transient furnished rooms, grubby streets, brutality in many states, thoughts of great and dead poets and composers and the Spanish Civil War. Unlike Waldman, he writes most substantially when he hangs his poems upon anecdotes. "I Wanted to Overthrow the Government But All I Brought Down Was Somebody's Wife" and "Shot of Red-Eye" are two comically tragic tall tales interlocking bawdry and the class struggle, bluntly ironic about both:

> *a tottering dynasty myself, always drunk as possible,*
> *well-read, starving, depressed, but actually*
> *a good young piece of ass would have solved all my rancor,*
> *but I didn't know this; I listened to my Italian and my Jew*
> *and I went down dark alleys smoking borrowed cigarettes*
> *and watching the backs of houses come down in flames.*

"The Weather is Hot on the Back of My Watch," a powerful Faulknerian meditation on violence in the American grain — a Texas crow-shoot, and the half-dead crows clubbed to death by a hundred farmers — has an almost metaphysical grip and concision. But even at his slightest, for example "Brewed and Filled By . . ." which spins from

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contemplation of "my beercan hand," he's pretty good. *At Terror Street and Agony Way* is beautifully published by Black Sparrow. It is a rich pleasure to handle and fun to read.

Saint Geraud, whose real name is Bill Knott, is an intriguing puzzle, poetically. Paul Carroll's introduction to *The Naomi Poems: Corpse and Beans* goes wild, pulling out names to conjure with: Catullus, Sappho, Archilochus, are to be analogues for this young man. A disservice, that. The book has become something of a cult object, like Plath's *Ariel* some years back, possibly due to its masochism and the author's declaration that he is "a virgin and a suicide." The suicide letter was fiction, however. What of the poems?

Unquestionably, certain adjectives one desires to lavish on a lyric poet do apply here, for a change: intense, excruciating, passionate, violent, these poems are. Nothing pretty or good-natured about them. "Nakedness" is an obsessive term here, as "bald" was for Plath, and one finds a similar dwelling on palpable flesh and blood, the heart beating in the hand. Particularly in the love poems, which are the most interesting in the book, imagery often becomes surrealistically anatomical:

> *I stick my head into a womb and make faces at the unborn*
> *I walk down my dead ends to a beach*
> *Fossils from the future, tongs to nip the eye* ["Eternity"]

> *My sperm is lyre in your blood your*
> *Smell wanders over me like a mouth* ["Poem"]

> *Fate is lucky not to have known you as I have known you.*
> *One dawn the menstrual face of time found, frozen upon stones,*
> *pore-song of the poet. Rigor mortis walked the streets, its*
> *coat tattered, face pensive. A howl was heard, calming/*
> *chimeras.* ["Last Poem"]

In a Vietnam poem we have

> *Bloodspurts lessening . . . hoofbeats of animals*
> *stalked to their birth by the sun, fade. It is a bright*
> *edgeless morning, like a knife that to be cleaned*
> *is held under a vein.*

The dominant sensation throughout is one of eros denied, a nailed imprisoned craving. And, of course, like "confessional" poets in general, Knott proposes an identity between his personal anguish and those of "cities and races."

Sensationalism aside, however, I did not find most of these poems memorable as verbal structures. They lack resonance. They read, in fact, almost like translations. Charitably, one might speculate that the trans-

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lations are not botch jobs from another language, but as it were from the violent life of bodily urges, as if the poet were at pains to do a *literal* translation, each word representing, merely, a hard divided pulse, nothing of the "truth" sacrificed for the sake of unimportant poetic grace. This might explain Knott's popularity, although it would also presumably divide his audience from that of Plath, whose stunning gift was unquestionably verbal, and who had a complete, if completely scornful, grasp of American idiom. Sincerity is the first refuge of the incompetent poet, and if we wish to be ungenerous we can simply say that Knott lacks skill and hope some friend informs him that writers customarily feel tenderness for words. I think I should prefer a compromise. Be it praise or blame to say so, some of the things in *The Naomi Poems* rake across the consciousness like giant matches: your brain their flint; they flare and go out.

The establishment man in the party, Marvin Bell, received the 1969 Lamont Poetry Prize for *A Probable Volume of Dreams*. His work has assimilated a multitude of sources, of which an occasional Roethke–sounding title ("Give Back, Give Back" or "Matter!") or childlike turn

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of lyric line, or an occasional Berrymanly condensation, remain visible. This voice, unabashedly mature, beautifully controlled, at once tight and tender, witty and poignant, speaks of an American loss, resonant through personal quest for significant life, the responsibilities of family, the confusions of society, history, Jewishness. Wisdom, which we had been told existed, is sought, not found, so we settle down to joking, analysis and gratitude for small favors. The tone resembles the apologetic smile of a good man in a bad world. As in "Wanting to Help," there is overflow of useless goodwill: "believe me this is war, always this/ unplanned suspicion, believe me we wanted better."

In the earliest, most conspicuously ethnic poems, the pain is like a scent in the air. In "A Poor Jew," one of the many poems where Bell shows himself a master of the decrescendo ending, you can almost hear the singsong rising inflections of first generation grandfather:

Love is
alright, genes
are to be expected, also
toys, games, plans and fate
are worth looking into.
But with money in your pocket
you are wise and you are
handsome and you sing well too.

But this Catskill stand-up style does not sustain itself throughout. Later poems grow harder, both in emotion, which tends to develop a fixed grin of suffering, and in relative difficulty of access. Simultaneously, the voice grows more anonymous, distant, like the announcer's accentless voice on the public airwaves. Progress toward loss, indeed, seems the subject of several fine poems here, as in "Our Subject Death," where the opportunity of infidelity and the opportunity of dying become metaphors for each other; "Time We Took to Travel," an allegorical journey in which ontology recapitulates phylogeny from the joyous moment of predatory and hope-filled danger, to the proprieties of success, to the paradoxical complexity of absurdity; and "The Students," a cry of grief, a comedy of well meant errors in which both students and professor "do what's next . . . / into the picture, into your marriage, into the dark,/ writhing into the goals, O pleasure!" Again and again, between husbands and wives, parents and children, poet and friends, love is offered but fails. These failures are inexplicable yet expected, "certain," "natural events." In "The Hole in the Sea," one mysterious and sacred word shines up from within a bottle in that watery hole;

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though all our vessels
convey black messages
of the end of the world.
So goes the story,
the storybook story, so goes
the saleable story:
Courage is in that bottle,
the driest thing there is.

Bell has been at the Iowa Writers' Workshop quite a few years now. If some of the later poems in *A Probable Volume of Dreams* seem controlled by a pain even greater than the material within the poems justifies, perhaps they lament their own consent to this language, the neutral language of American poetry which Bell speaks as well as if he were a native.

Finally, as malt does more than Milton can, so good light verse among the heavyweights. The only unsatisfactory item about Ian Hamilton Finlay's *The Dancers Inherit the Party* is its cover design, an uninspired photograph of a Giacometti. Why not an Orkney landscape, or better still, a photo of one of Finlay's own poem-sculptures at Stonypath? Once within the boards, however, we sail. These are all early Finlay, written before he became the mainspring of concrete potry in Britain (running Wild Hawthorn Press since 1960 and editing *Poor. Old. Tired. Horse.*, which first printed Brazilian and German concrete poetry in England), all in "conventional" forms, all the forms perfect. To illustrate, take the title poem:

When I have talked for an hour I feel lousy —
Not so when I have danced for an hour:
The dancers inherit the party
While the talkers wear themselves out and sit
in corners, alone, and glower,

The off-rhyme of "lousy" and "party" delightful, the sprightly diminishing of line-lengths followed by the last line's heavy hulk, entirely accurate. Finlay's gifts, a fine ear, fine mind, happy wit, wide-awake eyes, keep him to the straight and narrow craft of poet as "maker" — exuberant maker of stanzas and rhymes keen, sharp and brisk as lobsters — which he likes.

Light verse, not to wax too ponderous about it, but recall Herrick's, Lovelace's, Burns's, Blake's, Keats's, requires an integration and self-assurance which can afford *not* to go out after whales. Finlay goes out after small but edible fish. He hangs them dried in nets on his walls,

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loses fishhooks for visitors to fall on, makes a series of ridiculous giggly poems about lobsters. However, while I laughed out loud for a few of these poems, and smiled over many, there is more meant, clearly, than meets the ear. Orkney, the setting for most of *The Dancers Inherit the Party,* provides a geography of insulated islands, including "my creel and stack-net island/ Of the little hills, low and dark." It also provides a geography of traditional relationships, behind the poems, lending their lightness an effect of weight and substance which, for example, Waldman's purely personal exudings cannot achieve, which Bell (and how many others) in exile cannot believe exists. Loving to kin and children, attentive to neighbors, angular toward aliens, at home with himself, Finlay exhibits a kind of pride of place and security of knowledge which the outsider may envy and admire. In America, the only comparable work is Frost's.

It is difficult to choose favorites here, but "O.H.M.S." and "Orkney Interior" are good for the insides of houses; "Island Moment," "John Sharkey is Pleased to be in Sourin at Evening" and "Twice" are good for the open air. "End of a Holiday" is as engaging a father-son lyric as "My Papa's Waltz," though in quite a different mood:

My father climbs the stairs
Above my head
And then I hear him climb
Into his bed.

Sheep bleat — the sun's last sparks
Float through the wood
Like bubbles in last week's
Old lemonade.

I wait, and then I ask
Is he all right
Up in the dark without
A proper light?

He pulls his heavy clothes
Up to his chin.
I'm fine, he says, I'm perfect.
— Goodnight, son.

And from "The Writer and Beauty" we may extract an aesthetic:

The best a writer writes is Beautiful.
He should ignore the Mad and Dutiful.

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Amen. Incidentally, for those inclined to investigate Finlay's work in concrete poetry, Emmett Williams's excellent *Anthology of Concrete Poetry* (Something Else Press, 1967) contains a fair selection, in which you will find him not altered but heightened in his art, as in Frost's phrase — only more sure of all he thought was true.

Alicia Ostriker

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CONTEMPORARY NONSENSE

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"We are hoping for an increase in consumer spending, and that means a demand for boxes," the chairman of Stone Container Corp. said Wednesday.

(*The Chicago Sun Times,* May 21, 1971.) Contributed by Larry Retzack, DeKalb, Illinois.

Since Congressman Hale Boggs accused the F.B.I. of tapping his telephone, it has become a mark of social and professional distinction in Washington to have your telephone tapped.

(*The New York Times,* May 2, 1971.)

[Cairo] cafe humorists are commenting that being bugged has become a status symbol now that Mr. Sadat himself has asserted that his own home and office had been wired for sound.

(*The New York Times,* May 21, 1971.)

Contributed by Dorothy Steinberg, New York, New York.

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(*The Los Angeles Times,* April 11, 1971.) Contributed by Alan M. Swyer, Los Angeles, California.

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MADRID PSYCHIATRIST FACES JAIL FOR HIS SEX SURVEY OF STUDENTS

Dr. Nicolás Caparros . . . faces a jail sentence of up to six months for circulating questionnaires at the University of Madrid last year as part of a study of sex attitudes and practices.

Because work on the questionnaires is only partly completed, Dr. Caparros can present few broad or firm conclusions. He has, however, come up with some interesting details.

Dr. Caparros has found a tendency for students holding advanced political views to hold advanced views on sex. But he has not found that these students are less inhibited in sexual practice than those whose ideas are more conservative.

"We have, in fact, a student left of astonishing virginity," he said. (*The New York Times,* June 16, 1971.) Contributed by Gene Chavkin, Jamaica, New York.

EDITORS' NOTE: We'd like to remind our readers that they are invited to send in examples of nonsense. A free subscription to PR will be awarded for each contribution used. In case of a tie, single copies will be sent to the latecomers.

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425 Lafayette St. — OR 7-6350

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